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Contents

The Week.....	149
Editorials	
Two Leagues of Nations.....	151
Advice to the Young Man.....	152
What Ezra Meeker Saw.....	154
General Articles	
The Case for Religion.....William Orton	155
Canada and the St. Lawrence Plan.....	
.....D. M. LeBourdais	159
Death to Propriety.....Reid Byron	161
Washington Notes.....T. R. B.	162
Wings over Europe.....Stark Young	163
An Opinion in Metaphor (verse).....George O'Neill	164
Background and High-lights.....Gilbert Seldes	165
Correspondence	166
Reviews of Books	
Elizabeth and Essex.....Robert Morss Lovett	168
Jesus and His Interpreters.....B. W. Bacon	169
Can Education Save Democracy?...Christian Gauss	170
Three Poets.....Melvin P. Levy	171
A Study in Black.....Robert Herrick	172
Shanty Irish.....T. S. M.	173

The Week

WHAT has become of the famous agreement between the supporters of the Kellogg treaty and the advocates of the cruiser-building bill? It had been understood that a bargain had been struck whereby each group would support the other's measure. Now, however, Washington correspondents report that the naval men have decided to sabotage the treaty, if it seems necessary, as it evidently does, in order to ensure adoption of the bill providing for a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new ships. They feel that there is probably not time for both proposals to be considered and voted upon before Congress adjourns on the fourth of next March. They insist that their measure shall come first, because, as some of them have naïvely admitted, they fear that ratification of the Kellogg treaty will produce an international atmosphere disadvantageous to the building of additional naval vessels. If this is true, it would seem to be the best argument anyone has yet advanced for postponing the cruiser program for the present.

WHETHER the pact endangers the cruisers or not, the cruisers certainly endanger the pact. This document, as has so often been pointed out, has hardly any legal force. Everything depends upon the attitude of the signatory powers toward it, and the attitude of Europe will depend in large part on that of the United States. Most of the countries will not even make any attempt at ratification until they have seen what we propose to do. However good may be the case for the cruisers on purely technical grounds, to accept the Kellogg treaty and almost simultaneously pass a measure providing a strong addition to our fleet is bound to have a disastrous effect upon the moral atmosphere in which the treaty will be launched.

SENATOR GILLETT of Massachusetts gets the prize for uttering this month's most foolish observation, no small accomplishment in a day when retired admirals are barking back and forth at one another across the Atlantic. Senator Gillett has announced that, though he previously voted against the bill for new cruisers, he now intends to support it. His reason is that Dean Inge, the "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, in London, is understood to have said that "the nations of Europe, enraged by the bloated prosperity and the airs of superiority of 'the man who won the war' may combine to draw Shylock's teeth." Senator Gillett thinks that "when a high dignitary of the English Church and a professional follower of the Prince of Peace parades such provocative and belligerent sentiments, we can hardly rely upon the pacific and friendly attitude of all the rest of the English people." Nonsense, Senator! If you really believe any such absurdity as that, you must be Massachusetts' most gullible citizen. Every country has its fire-eaters, who make a habit of talking recklessly, but Dean Inge no more represents the sober judgment of the British people than does Admiral Plunkett that of America. If you read the chief British papers—and you have no business to make speeches on the subject unless you do—you must know that Great Britain at the present moment is as far as possible from any desire "to draw Shylock's teeth." On the contrary, her leaders of public opinion, and even most of the responsible heads of the present Tory government,

want above everything to maintain a friendly understanding with this country.

THE Boulder Dam Bill, as it was passed by the Senate, and as it probably will be accepted by the House, leaves optional with the Secretary of the Interior the question whether the power plant shall be leased to a private company or operated by the government itself. In this respect it is a step backward from the form of the bill as passed by the House last year, which made government operation mandatory. The power companies had originally fought even against the optional clause, desiring that private operation be specified. The argument against this, which was sufficient to convert even an opponent of public enterprise such as ex-Secretary Work of the Interior, was that if the government retained no right to run the plant, it would have no bargaining power, and, in the absence of satisfactory bids from private companies, would have no assurance of making enough on the power to repay its investment. Even the optional clause, however, places great responsibility on the Secretary of the Interior. Such responsibility should not be exercised by a man like Secretary West, who has been in close touch with the utility interests. The Senate ought to consider this aspect of the matter in deciding whether to ratify his appointment. We should note, moreover, that even if bids from private concerns are obtained which will be sufficiently remunerative to the government, to lease the Boulder Dam station would be to give up one of the "measuring sticks" which it was hoped the public would retain to check up the profits of the power companies, and would leave the consumers with little protection. For this situation Mr. Coolidge is directly to blame, since the bill has been written in its present form in order to avoid a veto. Presumably, Mr. Hoover would adopt the same attitude, if the decision were to be postponed to the next session.

FARMERS have become weary of the advice they so often hear from industrialists, that all they need to do is to become more efficient, reduce their costs of production, and thus sell more by cutting prices. It is quite evident that there are natural limits to the amounts of staple foodstuffs a given population can eat, no matter how low the price. On this account, agricultural experts have been paying a good deal of attention lately to the possibility of developing new industrial uses for farm products and farm wastes. One of the most important of these, at least potentially, was emphasized the other day when an entire edition of a newspaper was printed upon paper made from cornstalks. It is said that the process of making paper from cornstalks is much cheaper than making it from wood. If this is true, the farmers have really found a new source of income. Widespread use of cornstalk paper would, furthermore, help to save our rapidly diminishing forests and prevent the equally rapid destruc-

tion of Canadian trees. The rising costs of paper as the forests recede and the bulk of advertising grows have already given serious concern to many publishers.

IT IS pointed out by those who follow current business statistics from the point of view of labor, like The Labor Bureau, Inc., and The Federated Press, that the large production and prosperity of this fall is very spotty in its effect upon wage-earners. It is true that automobile plants have been employing about 40 percent more workers than a year ago and have been paying even a larger increase in wages, that agricultural-implement makers have been more busy, and that producers of steel and steel products such as machine tools have felt the result of this activity. At the same time, however, decreased employment as compared with 1927 is reported by thirty-three of the fifty-four industries covered by the United States Department of Labor figures. Automobile tires, shipbuilding, heating apparatus, cotton goods, cement, car building, men's clothing, bricks, and boots and shoes all show appreciable declines. These figures reflect the downward trend in building and in the consumption of ordinary articles of wearing apparel. If, as Mr. Leonard Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company suggests, the automobile manufacturers are to find it less easy to expand their operations next year, after Ford has reached maximum production, the general averages of employment might fall drastically.

A RESEARCH chemist, Dr. Hilton Ira Jones, the other day announced the pleasant news that a new poison gas has recently been invented, far more terrible in its results than anything heretofore known. The new product, termed cacodyl isocyanide, is known to the chief governments of the world, but is so dreadful in its results that even the military experts hesitate to suggest that it should be used. According to Dr. Jones, as reported in the press, it is "a deadly poison which would destroy armies as a man might snuff out a candle. . . . War will never again be fought with shot and shell. It can't be, for it is too much cheaper to destroy life wholesale with this new gas, which may be manufactured at the rate of thousands of tons a day." Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, of the U. S. Chemical Service, confirms the discovery, though he takes a less alarmist view of it than does Dr. Jones. In any case, all the laws of probability suggest that war gases will become steadily more deadly in their effects, a progress which may or may not be offset by the development of new safeguards against them. The laws of probability also suggest that no weapon is so terrible that it will not be used in war by a nation which considers its plight desperate. After the experience of 1914-18, no one should be foolish enough to suppose that war can be prevented, or limited in its character, by the destructive power of the new weapons.

TRAFFIC congestion in New York City grows steadily worse, both among vehicles in the streets and on the rapid-transit lines. Recent studies have shown that in the busiest hours of the day, a man can walk on Fifth Avenue nearly twice as fast as a taxicab can proceed. In the subway, conditions long ago got so bad that it hardly seems possible they could become any worse; and yet the number of passengers per train continues somehow to increase. Efforts are now being made to speed up the service by reducing the length of the station stops. The guards will shove the passengers even more ferociously than before; the passengers will jam themselves in with redoubled haste; and the great result of all this will be the saving of a few seconds per train and the addition of a few trains per day. Meanwhile, any speculative builder who chooses may erect a towering skyscraper anywhere he likes, and add twenty or thirty or forty thousand daily riders to the overburdened transit facilities. This process has already been followed along the lines of the new subways on which New York is spending so many millions, and the new tubes will probably be as crowded as the others, from the very day they are opened. The fat lady who takes exercise in order to reduce, and then eats chocolates because her exercise has made her hungry, is a paragon of logic compared to the government of the greatest city in the world.

ELINOR WYLIE, whose death occurred on December 16, was, among American contemporary writers, one of the most distinguished, using the word in its literal sense. She gave herself to the cultivation of a form and style of her own in poetry and in prose, and she lived her life with both independence and dignity. To the New Republic, of which she was a contributing editor since 1926, her loss is both editorial and personal. An appreciation of her work will appear in an early issue of the magazine.

Two Leagues of Nation

THE crisis between Bolivia and Paraguay has served to illustrate in several ways some of the chief difficulties with which international relations are at present affected. Coming at the very beginning of the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration, it has shown vividly both the need for stronger machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes, and the enormous difficulty of making such machinery work. Perhaps still more important in the long run, it has illuminated, as in a lightning flash, the complicated and increasingly serious question of relations between the Old World and the New. Bolivia and Paraguay are both members of the League of Nations. Both are pledged under the Covenant not to go to war, and the League is pledged to try to stop them if they

do. This obligation the Council has carried out, technically speaking, by its communications to each power. Its action has been so timorous, however, and so evidently framed in the conviction that it would be of no use, that the prestige of the League would probably be higher at this moment if it had taken no step at all. As we go to press, it seems likely that war may be averted, both sides having agreed to suspend hostilities and to accept conciliation. If this is the outcome, however, it will not stand to the credit of the League but to that of the Pan-American Union, and perhaps most of all to the United States. The League's hesitant and feeble interference is in marked contrast to the vigor with which it has spoken on several occasions when some of the smaller European powers have come to the verge of conflict.

The reason for this difference is obvious. The League does not want to do anything which will anger the United States. In a crisis of this kind, the Geneva body acts as the mouthpiece for the three leading European powers, Great Britain, France and Germany. All of these powers, and particularly the first named, are on the whole more concerned not to offend America than they are with the fulfillment of the League's obligation toward two potential belligerents who are as far away as South America. The one calamity which they are at present determined to avoid at all costs is action on the part of the League which the United States might challenge as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and which might make necessary an admission of the facts with the consequent inevitable loss of prestige for the Geneva organization.

From the beginning of the League's history, the Doctrine has presented a difficult problem. In framing the Covenant, it will be remembered, a clause was inserted specifically exempting it from interference. It was then called "a regional understanding" despite the fact that it is very obviously nothing of the sort, but a unilateral policy of the United States, about which no other power in either hemisphere has anything to say. When this famous phrase in the Covenant was written, it was expected that America would join the League, and that any difficulties which might arise between ourselves and any of the Latin-American powers would be threshed out at Geneva. The exemption of the Doctrine was a bitter pill for the Latins to swallow; and they accepted the Covenant with this obnoxious phraseology in it only because they believed in the idea of the League and were willing to make what they considered a temporary sacrifice on its behalf. When the American Senate refused to ratify, they felt that, in a sense, they had been betrayed. There was nothing to be done about it, however, and there the matter has stood until the present time.

But as Dr. R. L. Buell pointed out in the New Republic for November 21, in the recent past some of the Latin countries have shown a tendency to challenge the Monroe Doctrine through the use of

the League's machinery. Costa Rica, in particular, asked the League not long ago for an official definition of what the Doctrine really means. The League Council made a diplomatic reply. It said merely that Article 21, which exempts the Doctrine from the operations of the Covenant, "neither weakens nor limits any of the safeguards provided" in that document. The question was laid aside for the time being; but it is likely to recur. Latin America grows increasingly restive under the domination of the United States. It finds in the League, for the first time, a European sounding-board against which it can echo its grievances. As time passes, unless through alteration of our own policy we diminish the resentment and fear which we have previously caused among these southern republics, that sounding board will be more and more used, whether the great European powers like it or not.

But another important element is beginning to enter into the situation which may diminish this danger. Heretofore the Pan-American Union has been a coöperative enterprise only in the most limited sense. It has been dominated by the United States, and the Latin members have been forced to accept the major policies of this country irrespective of their own ideas. This condition, however, is not necessarily a permanent one. What we want primarily is to do business with the countries south of the Rio Grande. Military policy, including even the protection of Panama, the building of the new Nicaraguan canal and preventing the establishment of naval bases by other powers in the Caribbean, is secondary to this all-important matter. We are beginning to learn that the hearty good will of our customers is an important factor in this trade; and if it is necessary—as it clearly is—we will go a long way toward the mutualization of the Pan-American Union in order to keep this good will.

Even the present degree of organization in this hemisphere has created an anomalous condition. We have something like a League of Nations of our own, but a League of which all the most important members except one are also in the Geneva organization. That one, however, is the United States, which at present exerts more influence in this hemisphere than do all the others combined; and not only does it exert this influence, but it looks with resentment upon any "interference" by the existing League in affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

Of the several developments which might alter this state of affairs, the one which is least likely is that the United States will abandon the Monroe Doctrine. While it may, as we have said, be mutualized to some degree, nothing is more improbable than that we shall surrender our claim to a special interest in the relations between Latin America and Europe. A second possibility is, of course, that the United States may enter the League, in which case the sort of question which now comes up in the Pan-American Union would either be

transferred to Geneva, or would be settled in this hemisphere under the ægis of the League. But while this is by no means impossible, it certainly will not take place in the immediate future.

Another possible development is the formation of a real Pan-American League of Nations, growing out of the Pan-American Union by the process referred to above. In that case, the Latin states which are now members of the Geneva organization would presumably resign from that body in order not to have a divided loyalty. Such an American League would not necessarily be inimical to the European organization. There are those, indeed, who think that the affairs of the whole world cannot be handled advantageously from a single place, and that, regardless of the policy of the United States, it would be advisable to have at least three leagues, equal and coöperating with one another, in Europe, America, and Asia. Each of these would handle questions arising in its own part of the world, and only when two, or all three, of these regions were affected by any dispute, would inter-league action be necessary.

Whatever may be the alignment of forces in the distant future, the present situation constitutes a challenge to the foreign policy of the United States which cannot be avoided. Whether we like it or not, we are today competing with the League of Nations for the moral hegemony of Latin America. If we do not play our part fairly and honorably, we shall see the Central and South American states turn their faces away from us and toward Geneva as soon as they feel they are powerful enough to do so. In the past we have relied upon our sheer strength as the final argument; in the future it will be increasingly true that sheer strength is not enough.

Advice to the Young Man

THERE is an easy and frivolous answer to Henry Ford, who advises the young man of today to spend rather than save his money. It is that such advice is wholly superfluous. What young man does save, nowadays? What young man, in fact, does not spend even more than he has, mortgaging his future income for months ahead by accumulating possessions on the instalment plan? In an age when the best business brains, the utmost resources of the science of psychology, and the foremost talents in art and writing are suborned for the purpose of breaking down his sales resistance, and when the whole weight of approved public opinion is applied in favor of constantly rising standards of living for everyone, young men, who are peculiarly sensitive to such stimuli, ought to be the first to respond. Any who does not must be an unimaginative, miserly and regressive spirit, totally unfitted to succeed in an era of hustle.

Mr. Ford's advice on the subject was foreshad-

owed, some years ago, by the words of such an old fogey as a railroad president, who on this subject was strangely unconventional. It was during the time when everybody was being counselled to keep a budget, and so to be able to live within his income and build up a competence in addition. This gentleman testified publicly that for a few years after his marriage he had tried the scheme, and invariably failed to come out even. Then, in disgust, he gave up concentrating on the attempt to limit his outgo, and devoted his attention to increasing his income. The more he spent, the more he had to earn, and so his extravagances finally forced him into eminence and a salary so large that he just didn't have time to spend it all, and had to save some.

Cynics will say that such sentiments as Mr. Ford's are prompted not so much by concern for the young man as by anxiety to find a market for the tremendous productive capacity of modern industry. Mr. Ford doesn't need any capital. If all the families in the country scraped and saved, and bought millions of dollars' worth of bonds and stocks, it would not do him the slightest good, because he does not sell bonds and stocks in order to convert the proceeds into plant and machinery. But if all the families in the country bought new Fords, that would be something upon which to congratulate Mr. Ford. For he does sell cars, and he needs to sell very, very many of them rapidly in order to make a profit. Many other—in fact, most other—industries are in the same fix. The more capital people save and put to productive uses, the more competition their already over-extended plants may suffer. They do not need to have anybody save. What they want people to do is to spend more and more.

Yet it is to be doubted whether the traditional advice on saving was any more unselfish than the modern. Was not its source those persons who saw the need for using the capital accumulations of others? In an era when modern credit methods were undeveloped, when capital accumulations were relatively small, and when mechanical industry was struggling for a foothold, the enterprisers sorely needed the wherewithal to proceed. It was likely to be immensely profitable—as sometimes it is today—to induce individuals to save and put out money at interest in order that it might be used by those in the business of money-lending and by the proprietors of factories. Thus it became a social virtue to save. And the preaching of this virtue, like so many other forms of preaching, often disguised itself in terms of promises of personal salvation to the preachee.

The virtue of individual saving has lost caste largely because it is no longer so economically necessary to society. Indeed, it might be more accurate to say that individual saving tends more and more to become compulsory and unconscious. The old theory used to be that there was a mutual benefit to the producer and the consumer, if the consumer

would put aside part of his income to lend to the producer. The producer would pay something for the money; it would enable him to make more goods for the use of the consumer; and so, in turn, he would profit. Now all that is more simply arranged. You do not save anything; you just buy a Ford. Out of what you pay, the Ford Motor Company makes a profit. Half, or perhaps more than half of that profit is saved by the Ford Motor Company itself. This surplus is ample to provide the company with all the extensions and improvements it needs. It does not have to borrow from you. It merely charges your mite towards the capital accumulation it wants into the price of what it sells you. This is an efficient, engineering, mass-production method that saves you the pain of scrimping. If you should put money in the bank instead of buying everything you can, you would not be playing the game. You would be promoting economic waste and stopping the wheels of industry.

But what about the reward to the saver? What recompense do you have for giving up the interest you might have earned on your money if, under the old system, you had held it and lent it to Mr. Ford? Well, you have the car. We are coming back to the primitive conception that wealth is really not money, but goods. The more efficiently industry does your saving for you, the more goods it can produce and the more cheaply they may be sold. If people will only spend more and more, they can have more and more for what they spend. Also, the more certain they will be to retain their jobs and increase their wages, because free spending stimulates industrial activity. "Cast your bread upon the waters"—and a full meal will return to you tomorrow.

It must be admitted, however, that there are producers who sabotage this process, as well as the consumers who do so by artificially limiting their expenditures. These producers do too much saving themselves. When they have large profits, and have spent as much of these profits as they see are necessary to expand and improve their plants, they still have surpluses left. These surpluses they use for such non-productive purposes as lending on call to speculators in the stock market. Or, when the call rate is too low to make that profitable, they make the surpluses a basis for stock dividends or split-ups which are profitable to the bankers or promoters, and which lead individuals to save so that they may buy stocks. None of these activities adds an iota either to the production of goods, or to the total consuming power of the public. If, instead of saving so much, the producers in question would either reduce their prices or raise the wages they pay or both, the merry process of continually expanding production and consumption of the articles they make would be advantaged. As long as they do not do so, the growth of the real incomes of their employees and consumers is endangered; people are being taught that it is better to save than to spend.

It must be admitted also that this collective process of saving is not yet rounded out by an equally collective guarantee of economic security. You are, let us say, a faithful and trusting worker in the Ford plant, who takes seriously the doctrine that you do not need to save; that Mr. Ford and the other employers will do your saving for you; that the more you spend, the better off you will be. For a time it seems to work. Then comes a slack period or a change in models, and you are thrown out on your nose. Or you reach the advanced age of forty or so, and you are gently informed that, with technological improvements which enable fewer men to make more goods, you are no longer needed. You go to Mr. Ford and say, where is the money you have saved for me? The reply is that this is an individualistic nation, that we rely upon the sturdy virtues of personal sacrifices and foresight, that you have had good wages instead of such socialistic schemes as unemployment insurance and retirement pensions. Mr. Ford and the country have better things to do with the money than to sustain you in idleness. You can only apologize for your misapprehension, and wish, perhaps, that you had been less gullible, while you join the line at the soup-kitchen.

What Ezra Meeker Saw

EZRA MEEKER, one of the last of the pioneers who went west in covered wagons, died the other day at the age of ninety-seven. And too much history died with him—too much is dying every day in America as one by one the Old Men pass away. For old men can never tell all they remember. Some things they remember are too deep for telling. The night they almost, but not quite, gave up in a blizzard when the limbs grew weary in the pitiless cold, when sleep seemed the sweetest of all blessings—and when the death that follows sleep on a frozen night seemed not worth caring about. The long days in a covered wagon when no road, only prairie, reached out to the horizon and led them on. Nights on the long trek to Utah or Oregon or California—to any place where gold or deep soil or religion led—when camp was made beside some green-edged stream, and children slept peacefully as birds in a jungle, while mothers, wide-eyed, remembering Indians, watched darkness creep among the willows.

The days of settlement when one log room grew to two and then three, when the green of the new wheat edged year by year wider into the wilderness of sagebrush or forest. Indians came, and women on lonely ranches were afraid when some old chieftain and his "braves" rode up. They trembled a little when he stretched out his arms to the valley and said with fierce resentment, "All my land, all my water." But the soldiers took care of the Indians, killed them off in rocky ravines, herded them to reservations. As years went on they still came

sometimes in the fall, but peacefully, with squaws, building their campfires across the creek, moving on the next day to gather pine nuts in the nearby hills.

The days of civilization and plenty when fathers and mothers who had walked across the plains saw their sons and daughters, who were sometimes ashamed of them now, riding fast trains eastward, hurrying back to universities and markets, getting education and good grammar, making money—not listening when grandfather, before he dropped into final irrevocable silence, told the tale of young America going west. Sons and daughters of pioneers going east now, "back" east, completing the circle, seeking the culture their grandfathers left when the rich black soil of Iowa, the white peaks of the Rockies, the golden depths of the California hills, called to adventurous youth east and south.

The West is peopled now. The red men lead emasculated lives on reservations; in Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, they sit, fat and sleepy, following the shade that moves around grocery stores where white men sell shredded wheat and chewing gum in patented packages. The Pacific has turned the Oregon Trail back upon itself. It is as adventurous as ever, but it is covered with asphalt and leads mostly east. Cars whiz by too fast to mark the places where men died slowly one hundred years ago, while covered caravans stood by in an empty world.

Ezra Meeker first went by ox team over the Oregon Trail to Washington seventy-six years ago. He made the trip six times in all and was the last man to go in a prairie schooner. Within the last few years he founded the Oregon Trail Association to mark its important historic points, and to honor the trail blazers, of whom 20,000 lie buried in unknown graves along the 2,000 miles between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. Four years ago, at the age of ninety-three, he flew in twenty-four hours over the route that had taken six months in 1852. Who could know his feelings and how could he tell them? Some things are too deep for telling.

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The Case for Religion

MATTHEW ARNOLD, having described religion as "morality touched with emotion," seems to have been somewhat of the opinion that he had also explained it. Modern rationalists, with less theology and more science, have fallen wholesale into the same delusion; and many have been thereby led into a further assumption that Arnold was careful not to make: namely, that, being explained, the matter is dead and done with.

As to this latter I do not propose to argue; though there is perhaps some amusement to be derived from it, as from a contention that having mastered the grammar and vocabulary of a new language, one need have no further concern with it. But the former position deserves a sympathetic understanding. Learned professors who can trace the development of morality from primitive taboos, mores and folk-ways, and dissolve emotion into an affair of gland secretions, blood pressures, and the reflex arc, fall naturally enough into thinking they have explained the dynamic synthesis; and in truth they have explained so much that it becomes necessary to inquire just what they have explained.

Logically it were in order to ask what any explanation explains; or even dogmatically to propound that no explanation ever explains anything. But to avoid offense and a stumbling-block, let the premise be simply that all explanation is teleological—corresponds, that is, to the dominant purpose of the inquiring mind. It is thus that modern science has labored so heroically to tell us what under varying conditions certain things do; its methods being entirely unable to tell us—as our brains are entirely unable to apprehend—what things are. That is, of course, the province of metaphysics, into which material physics is rapidly drifting stern foremost; but the immediate deduction for our argument would seem to be that the chances are against any given explanation being exhaustive of any given phenomenon: that what it does is simply to clarify and emphasize those aspects of the phenomenon that accord with the requirements of a given point of view.

Now the dominant point of view of modern civilization is quantitative; and that for a definite reason, or pair of reasons. First, the inadequacy of the doctrine of divine revelation, and its progressive desertion, compelled the thoughtful portion of mankind to seek some other basis of assurance for its position in the cosmos. That basis it found, or thought it found, in empirical science and the method of measurement. The dissolution of the cosmos into a series of combinations and permutations of elements that could be weighed and counted

gave a feeling of finality more convincing than the postulates of faith.

Second, the method worked: not merely in the obvious sense that it rendered existence on the planet, if not less precarious, at any rate more comfortable; but in the more important sense that it made possible valid prediction within certain fields hitherto inaccessible.

And how imposing are those fields! From the simple step that one plus one makes two, we climb to an eminence from which we can survey the size, the shape, the mass, of a universe imagination can scarce conceive. From the little that human hands can hold we deduce the stuff of Sirius and Betelgeuse, and from our flicker of light and darkness fashion a calculus of eternity. Hourly we pattern our conduct upon policies that transcend the personal here and now, redeeming our lives from the despair of individual weakness, the humiliation of individual death. Small wonder that it is as rational creatures we prefer to envisage ourselves, assuming without evidence that all that is not reason is less than reason.

Now herein, it seems to me, reason itself condemns us. Reason itself suggests that in making measurability, or submissiveness to dialectic, a criterion of reality, our modern temper goes a step too far. Reason itself points out the nature of its limitations.

This desk on which I lean, I am able confidently to state, is made of wood. I know it is wood because I have experience of things that are not wood. If all my universe, and I with it, were made of wood, my statement (if I could make any statement at all) would be no more than an affirmation that the desk existed. My universe (seeing I date from the previous century) I have been taught to think of as made of "matter"; but if my description is to be anything more than the bare affirmation that (for me, at least) it exists, it must be because I have experience of things that are not "matter"; things that none the less do exist in the same world with it, such as mathematical relations. Some philosophers would deny that I have this experience, and for them "matter" has therefore no meaning.

Any rational statement I can make, any knowledge formulate, must always stop short of the totality of things. Of that totality I can make no statement whatever. As a matter of fact, the class of things about which I can make rational statements is very limited. It comprises only the kinds of things about which I need, or am able, to act in some way; and experience of this class of things constitutes the very formulation of my ability to think at all. It is not seriously questioned that the

very tools and implements of knowledge—the recognition of discreteness and similarity, the tendency to classify by properties, to generalize from observed repetitions, the concepts of number, time and space, and so on—arise from the experience of a subject who is a doer before he becomes a knower, and whose knowing is all along, even in its least practical aspects, a species of doing.

But not everything that happens, not even though it happens to me, constitutes experience of this kind. For while it is evident that the origins, the implements, the postulates, the criteria, the entire entelechy of knowledge, arise within the experience of the knower, and are in that sense homocentric in nature, it is by no means evident that the whole of being is of an order that can be contained in the body of knowledge thus arising. The opposite is obviously true. Knowledge is attainable only in so far as the knower has experience of situations or categories other than the one in question; it is unattainable by a subject whose whole being is exhausted in the object-situation. The argument of the wooden desk applies now to the whole field of the scientifically known. The very possibility of rational knowledge attests the existence, in man and in the cosmos, of a radically different type of being from the rationally knowable: a reality, a "substance," real in the universe and real in him, unamenable to the logic of his rational order. The I that "knows" can never be "known," nor the whole of its experience rationalized. It is not the less but the more real on that account. And the challenge of this real cannot, on any system, be evaded.

Consider now the position. Here we have a being part of whose life is organized as rational mind, in virtue of which he can communicate some kinds of experience, formulate certain of his purposes, determine his modes of action within certain fields, foreknow within those fields his individual and collective destiny. If you choose, you can set over against him the world that he finds thus knowable and amenable to his design; but it is not necessary thus to duplicate the problem in a mirror. For there is only the one fact—the one plane, or universe (one among many) within which the pattern of rational mind is fulfilling itself. But this is not the whole of his life, his cosmos. That whole as such necessarily eludes his knowledge. Deeper than rational mind, wider than rational universe, lie, he feels, the roots of life, the explanation of his purpose, the mainsprings of his being. How, he asks himself, shall mind explain what is both mind and so much more than mind? The pattern he can clearly visualize is not, he discovers, a closed pattern. It is forever reaching out into the unformulated, and forever so must reach. It joins, he must suppose, with other patterns, form within nascent form unendingly. And his relevance, the relevance of all that he can rationalize, is at certain points directly to these larger forms that lie without his system;

so that at these points he becomes aware equally of insoluble problems in his dialectic and of irreducible impulses in his action.

Now since we find that experience of the sort we call rational, out of which we collect the fabric of our scientific systems, has meaning for us, and that our active response to it fulfills and amplifies our living, is it not reasonable to suppose that experience of this other sort has meaning too, and that our response to it—can we but devise one—may also add to the power and felicity of our being? Or must we remain so rapt in our single system, so absorbed in its achievements, as to disdain every element of experience that cannot at once be wrought into its rational fabric?

That is our temptation—and our peril. In a scientific civilization "to hearken what the inner spirit sings" is to appear inefficient, to lose caste, to be out of touch with what seems the serious business of life. Such a civilization develops an extraordinary power of ignoring every type of experience, every kind of endeavor, that does not accord with its formula; and while it remains uneasily conscious that something is lacking, is not the less unwilling, or unable, to adjust its valuation of itself to admit the deficiency.

Foremost among the traditional modes of response to this other-worldly type of experience is art. The impulse to expression—self-expression as we misleadingly call it—permeates every sphere of our living, might indeed be identified with life itself. Procreation is but the expression of corporeal life, and science the expression of rational life; but neither blind procreation nor blind science can fulfill the demands of life itself, evoke a civilization that shall satisfy the whole nature of man. Art has its role, its function, its significance, independent of and equal to the rest; and where that significance is ignored, or misapprehended, the rest must halt and blunder, even as corporeal life must blunder in the dearth of science.

In every strictly scientific civilization, and especially in America, the position of art is anomalous. Of such systems the most obvious feature is that art degenerates promptly into decoration; thus becoming the mere mistress of the more utilitarian kinds of science. This is as true of music and literature as it is of the arts of form. The would-be artist never learns what art is "about"; and his ignorance is reflected in his social and economic position. Not necessarily to his mundane disadvantage: as a camp follower, an employee, a prostitute, of the practitioners of applied science he may attain both comfort and celebrity. He becomes the ministrant to a hedonism that is in fact the blind effort of the society to set itself spiritually at ease. But as artist he is liable to recurrent moments of self-distrust in which he knows—knows—that he is on the wrong trail.

Next, the objects of his contemplation are cir-

cumscribed. He imbibes the habit of ignoring all types of experience save those which the society finds serviceable; and he thus arrives, in all sincerity, at a specious objectivism, a preoccupation with the sort of things on which its attention is focused, the sort of achievements that represent its nature, which lands him in a maze of sterile and restless invention. Occasionally one arises who from these materials can evoke a revelation of the reality behind them; but he is little likely to be distinguished, or to be thanked for the truth of his achievement. For the kind of truth he sees is the kind his society cannot apprehend.

The society is thus encouraged to imagine that the same habits of mind and of action that produced its material success can give it art. It manufactures "art" on the same scale on which it manufactures flour. It popularizes "art" by the same means by which it popularizes automobiles. It endows "art" as it endows sanitation. Its psychologists and biologists explain "art" in terms of cell-reactions. And having done all these things it is reassured and rests complacent. And having done all these things the affair is ended: art cannot enter that hermetic circle from which the kind of experience that becomes art has been so elaborately excluded.

A similar fate—similar in every step—overtakes religion, which is itself a particular phase of the esthetic. It becomes a décor, a veneer, laid over the actual life of society, carefully trimmed and adjusted to its basic ideology. Its practitioners never learn what religion is "about"; and its most popular exponents are precisely those who have the least notion. They spend their time, in all sincerity, demonstrating that religion is after all a matter of common sense and common experience, prudent behavior and good fellowship. Its traditional rites and terminology are thrust into the background, to be dissected and disposed of by supercilious rationalists; while in the foreground not merely the ideas, but the very technique of business reappear in competition with other mass amusements. The latest selling tricks, the newest traps for attention, the everlasting cheapening of the wares, the easiest of instalment systems with no personal questions raised ("Your credit is good!"), the entire apparatus of the "nation-wide selling campaign"—thus is religion promulgated in the world's industrial Utopia. Away with all this antiquated nonsense about faith and the supernatural! The kingdom of heaven is wide open, upon terms that no decent business man will have the least difficulty in complying with! It is all a matter, as Maude Royden recently observed, of works, of doing, of incessant business; and if there be any other sort of life, any other way of salvation, any other kind of experience, than this, it is nothing that modern man needs to bother himself about.

Well, perhaps he is wise in his generation: wise

certainly, if his immediate comfort is to remain his chief concern. For religion, like art, has a way of beginning with a colossal rejection. It would reject the limitless search for gain that battens on the commonest instincts of the common herd, never forgoing one iota of profitable opportunity for the sake of social welfare, and talking service all the time. It would reject the everlasting search for distraction that takes the place, in this industrial Utopia, of peace and happiness. It would reject the entire concept of progress as now prevailing in the western world. And it would assert these simple and subversive things:

It would assert, first, that religion is not in essence an affair of belief or of works, but a way of living founded on a revaluation of experience. In that revaluation the values now looked for in mundane success sink in the scale: not because they are base or "wrong," but because they are not worth while in comparison with certain other values. For the same reason, some kinds and degrees of satisfaction, easily attainable and harmless in themselves, may be forgone, and disciplines otherwise irksome be accepted.

It would assert, next, that while the quest of knowledge is among the noblest of human avocations, it is rightly followed less for the sake of mastery over things than for the range of contemplative experience it opens to the mind; and that, so followed, it is not merely consistent with religious apprehension, but is its strong ally. And here the voice of religion would claim the support of the greatest men of science.

It would assert, further, that a way of knowledge lies open in its own realm, the realm of religious life: a way not vague, leading to ends not illusory. And here it would claim the support of the oldest and deepest of human traditions. Certain minds in every generation have affirmed the possibility of maintaining, through the manifold distractions of mortality and its perennial conflict with environment, an assurance more secure, a serenity more profound, than any human intercourse can bestow. This inviolable peace, they testify, into which the soul can enter, is immediately self-evident alike as supreme good and ultimate reality; for it is of the nature of this experience, so they tell us, at once to enhance the intensity of consciousness and to transcend its mortal limitations. But when they seek to persuade us of this thing, the means are lacking. For as it is not attained by dialectic, words, which are the tools of that technique, cannot compass it; neither, in the nature of the case, can it be so much as described upon the framework of the rational mind. Such language as they use is, therefore, in its every statement and syllable, symbol and metaphor, and its significance, if it have any, to be neither proved nor disproved by ordinary logic. Yet, none the less, they claim a demonstrable objectivity for that of which they speak. The testimony to it has a high catholicity, being confined to

no one religion, age or culture—though far to seek in this present; and in these various utterances is a likeness as of common origin. The similarity extends to means as well as to end. There is agreement as to the necessity for a certain discipline of the affections, supportable in most cases only by a vigorous act of faith, and as to the difficulties and discouragements therein involved. There is agreement also on the postulates most consistent with experience of this type. It is agreed, for instance, that some attributes of our being lie closer to the core of reality than do others, and are, therefore, to be esteemed and cultivated above the rest which lie on a plane that is, by contrast, one of illusion. It is noteworthy, too, that the fact of mortality is, in these accounts, denied the finality with which we commonly invest it: that it is dissolved, as it were, in a synthesis the mind can enter here and now. Of that synthesis it is averred that three types of experience are therein consummated: love, knowledge, and the experience of beauty. And it is claimed—not illogically, if even part of this be true—that all the values of life have here their source and their criterion, that on no other scale can they be ranged to any sort of harmony. For it is said that this alone is experience, rather than mere description, of the real.

So might religion testify. But strange, indeed, would seem the world to any that heard it: strange, as if X-rays, instead of light, came suddenly out of the sun. The glittering front of civilization would melt in the crepuscular incertitude of the hour that is neither day nor darkness: its focal points dissolve in dim vortices of unrealized possibility. And at every turn he would stumble upon the paradoxes of a half-real world. He would wonder to find it so full of goodness, and yet acting as under some spell by which it was compelled to put badness most of the time in charge of its affairs. He would wonder to find it so full of power and yet so fear-ridden, doubtful in its heart whether its strength were a blessing or a curse. He would wonder at the absence from its rich diversity of real passion and true joy, and at the plenitude of its production of everything save beauty and satisfaction.

And turning then from the confusion of the cities to the clean air and quiet of its lovely land, he would discover at once how large a proportion of all its problems he had set behind him: as if, after all, some truth yet lay in the legend of Babel. And he would remind himself of the older virtues of the folk: the natural kindness, the slow sincerity, the tenacious hold on freedom, the love of simple living that lingers yet, thwarted and stifled, in the city-dwellers—as if they were bemused in some complicated game that must be played, day by day and year by year, to the point of exhaustion. And it might seem, recollecting these things, as if the hour were at hand for another revolution.

But not a "social revolution." No class or party

in America has any faith that would carry it to that point of crisis. The only social revolution that could stir America would be a revolution in which everyone got richer while no one sacrificed anything; and that sort of revolution has not yet been devised. No, it would be a relatively new and curious type of revolution: not social, but personal.

It would begin with a quiet determination to avoid the lure of crowds, shops, advertisements, and mechanical amusements, including the daily newspaper: simply as an adventure, to see what might come of it. For the time being, it might be necessary to forgo the good as well as the ill that lurks in these things; for the distraction they convey is in truth too high a price for the services they render. It would continue, this curious revolution, for any stalwarts who survived this preliminary fasting, in a studied care for the quality of things; starting with quite common things, like food and clothing. And this preoccupation might last a long time, the American consumer being probably the least sophisticated in the world. If it went so far as to discover an interest in the derivation and processing of things, or the lives of the people who make or procure them, so much the better; though this were not essential, and should not be forced. The effort might, however, extend with practice, from the pantry to the library and living-room, until the notion of quality applied, as once it used to apply, to human beings.

Along with this preoccupation would go another: a conscious resolve that one's every article of use, adornment or recreation, represent so far as possible a genuinely personal need or desire, not a dictated one: whether dictated by convention, fashion, imitation, or any other spurious impulse. Here might be found some difficulty: the average person being at present unaware how weak and undernourished is his faculty of self-expression, in the most everyday affairs—a not surprising fact, however, among people who allow even their books to be chosen for them, and actually pay others to do it!

To this a sterner task must now be added: the duty—for it is a duty, and a paramount one—of seeing that one's every feeling, every emotion, every passion, is likewise genuinely one's own: not dictated by social pressure or mass suggestion, nor simulated in deference to some second-hand notion of what is fitting or what the dogmas of morality demand. Such a practice might incidentally relieve the world of an intolerable amount of humbug. For many it would mean abandoning all pretence to a dynamic interest in politics; though it might on occasion loose such a power of genuine indignation upon venality in public affairs as would amaze those who played upon the apathy of the country in the Harding-Coolidge regime. The most likely result, however, would be a certain vacuity in the realm of the feelings. And with this the neophyte should be content, as a sort of spiritual fast preceding better fare.

But for relief this curious revolution might assign him one positive exercise: that of learning to do some small thing alone, and well. It matters little what. If golf or bridge seem to him adequate, no harm at all; but failing these, let him grow something in his garden, or saw wood, or learn to weave, or to carve, or to read; or—if he have any—try to teach his children, studying first what and how.

And one thing more let him learn: learn to be still—to sit or walk alone, say, an occasional half-hour, not thinking, not reading, with mind and body as quiet as he can make them. Let him practise that stillness, persevering (for this is difficult) night and morning, until he have its secret. And all for the sake of adventure, to see what would come of

it, with no guarantee that anything would come except boredom.

No guarantee—but a possibility. A possibility of rescuing certain traditions of native aristocracy in America, and through them of liberating—as only true aristocracy can liberate—the spiritual forces of the nation. A possibility of reanimating, not the churches, but the life of the spirit; of reëntering, not as a tourist, but as a citizen, upon its corporate heritage of art and culture. A possibility of finding, farther along this road, a new nativity —“to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace.”

WILLIAM ORTON.

Canada and the St. Lawrence Plan

POWER and politics are the two factors, so far as Canada is concerned, that will eventually determine the fate of the St. Lawrence Waterway scheme. A few power magnates in Montreal and small groups of politicians in Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto will among them decide the question—for this generation at least. The stage is set now; the lines of battle are drawn. These lines, previously indicated by various political pronouncements, were emphasized recently by the Toronto Mail and Empire (Conservative), which declared: “A British soldier who for a time commanded Canada’s forces bade the people of this Dominion to keep both hands on the Union Jack. They should keep both hands on the control of the St. Lawrence which they hold through their existing canals.”

Perhaps it might be well to look for a moment at the facts about this project. By virtue of treaties entered into by Canada and the United States in 1871 and 1909, navigation rights on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River were declared free and equal forever to the ships of both countries. This includes the right of United States vessels in the purely Canadian section of the river as well as Canadian vessels in Lake Michigan. Under the treaty of 1909, the International Joint Commission came into being—a tribunal of six members, three appointed by each country. It was given jurisdiction over all boundary waters. No change in levels, no works of any kind affecting levels, can be authorized by either country without the approval of this board. It also acts in an advisory capacity with respect to matters referred to it by either government or both.

As a result of agitation on both sides of the line, the governments of Canada and the United States referred to the Commission the question of constructing, as a joint enterprise, a continuous deep channel from Lake Superior to tidewater by way

of the St. Lawrence River. The commissioners, in their report, issued in 1921, unanimously agreed that the project was not only feasible, but desirable, suggesting, however, further investigation into certain engineering features.

This was done in 1924, each government naming three engineers to a joint board. At the same time each government appointed a national advisory committee to deal with other features than engineering. This board and these committees have all made their investigations and submitted their reports, confirming the judgment of the International Joint Commission.

While the proposal at its inception contemplated navigation principally, the prominent part that hydro-electric energy has come to play in the modern economic scheme has shifted some of the emphasis from transportation to power. It was found that by damming the St. Lawrence River, as an alternative to lateral canals, about 5,000,000 horse-power of hydro-electric energy might be generated. Of this, about 2,200,000 would be obtainable in the international section, and 2,800,000 in the wholly Canadian section of the river. Of the former, one-half would belong to the United States.

The Canadian committee recommended that the work be divided between the two countries. The United States was to be responsible for the improvement of navigation between the lakes, as well as the development of the international section of the St. Lawrence, as regards both power and navigation, at an approximate cost of \$340,000,000. Canada was to construct the works necessary in the section of the river wholly within the Dominion and to complete the new Welland Canal, a total expenditure of \$316,000,000.

Direct negotiations toward joint action began on April 13, 1927, when Secretary Kellogg wrote a letter to Mr. Vincent Massey, Canadian Minister

at Washington. There has followed, at proper diplomatic intervals, a voluminous correspondence, quite noticeably urgent upon the part of Mr. Kellogg, and, so some Canadian critics claim, as obviously time-marking on the part of the Canadian government.

What is the reason for this Canadian attitude? In the first place, since the scheme was proposed, events in Canada have moved in other directions. Within recent years, Vancouver, on the Pacific, has become the outlet for grain produced in Alberta and the western half of Saskatchewan. In 1928, more than 100,000,000 bushels passed through this port to newly developed markets in Asia and also to Europe via the Panama Canal.

Eastern Saskatchewan and Manitoba have had a very hard fight to get the Hudson Bay Railway built to a port on the Bay which, it is hoped, will bring the prairies of Western Canada 1,000 miles closer to Liverpool. This project is now nearing completion, but it has been a long and desperate contest and has served somewhat to divert prairie interest from the St. Lawrence scheme. There is no opposition from this quarter, but there is likewise no great enthusiasm.

Jumping, for a moment, to the far east, the three maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, have no immediate interest in the scheme. Its proponents point out that it would enable fish, coal and other maritime products to reach the important Ontario markets, but the project is not looked upon as a pressing one by the people who live down by the sea.

This leaves for consideration the two most populous and more highly industrialized provinces—Ontario and Quebec, which contain two-thirds of the people of Canada. Ontario and Quebec are a study in contrasts. The former is preponderantly British; the latter is overwhelmingly French. Ontario has embarked upon the most comprehensive plan of publicly owned hydro-electric power in the world; Quebec believes just as firmly in development by private enterprise. The present federal government at Ottawa (Liberal) derives its principal support from Quebec; the Conservative stronghold is Ontario. Nevertheless, it is in Ontario that public sentiment is most strongly in favor of the St. Lawrence Waterway. In Quebec, public opinion concerning it is either apathetic or quite violently opposed, the opposition centering in Montreal, which fears that traffic will pass its doors if the St. Lawrence be made navigable for ocean steamers through to the Lakes.

Opposition in Montreal is fostered likewise by influential power interests. Development of the power possibilities on the St. Lawrence, coincidentally with the waterway, as has been shown, would mean the generation of 2,800,000 horse-power in the purely Canadian section of the river, and all in Quebec. More electrical energy is already being generated in that province than is required for

present consumption. Perhaps it is but natural that the power barons of Montreal should be averse to having this additional energy thrown on the market before industrial development has reached a point capable of absorbing it. It is perhaps natural, also, that they should seek to have control when the time arrives for its exploitation. On the other hand, the Province of Ontario will derive only 1,100,000 horse-power as a result of damming the St. Lawrence in the section along which it borders, and as the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission is already forced to import power from Quebec sources, it may be seen that development of this power will prove very welcome in Ontario.

From a standpoint of navigation, the completion of the waterway is expected to convert Ontario into a maritime province and to transform such cities as Kingston, Toronto and Fort William into world ports. Except for the provision of greater facilities of access to the interior by water, the scheme will not materially alter Quebec's present position.

The terms of the British North America Act, Canada's written constitution, give the federal authority jurisdiction over all navigable streams for purposes of navigation. The development of power, however, is under provincial control. The intimate association of power and navigation in the St. Lawrence scheme has disclosed a number of points where the respective jurisdictions come into conflict. At the moment of writing, these are being referred to the Supreme Court of Canada for a decision. Irrespective of the result, however, the case will go to the Privy Council, in England, a matter requiring at least a year's time.

So much for the power factor. As regards politics, here are three important facts: (1) the people of Ontario are very largely in favor of the St. Lawrence scheme; (2) in order to develop the maximum amount of water-power, coöperation with the United States is essential; (3) the people of Ontario are preponderantly Conservative in their political affiliations. It would therefore seem reasonable to suppose that the Conservative party would be heartily in favor of the project as an international undertaking, in accordance with the advice of every body of experts that has investigated the subject. Yet at a national convention of that party held in Winnipeg in 1927, a resolution was adopted advocating the development of the seaway as an "all-Canadian" enterprise. This was supplemented a short time later by a similar pronouncement on the part of the Conservative premier of Ontario. Such a scheme is not only admittedly inferior to the other, both as regards transportation and power, but it would cost the Canadian people more than twice as much. It is therefore out of the question for many years to come.

Federal elections in Canada must be held not less frequently than every five years. The present administration attained office in 1926 and should,

therefore, continue until 1931. As governments rarely serve their full term, an election will probably be held in 1930, if not earlier. Seventeen years ago, the Liberal government of that day appealed to the electorate on a proposal which contemplated closer commercial relations with the United States. It was decisively beaten. Some observers in Canada are now of the opinion that, without a more general demand throughout the country for such action than exists, the present Liberal government will hardly invite a similar fate by staking its political life upon a second proposal entailing a close working arrangement with the United States.

There are many people in Canada who really dread the ultimate domination of the country by the United States. That this view is largely dictated by fear and prejudice is beside the point. Similar sentiments, set aflame by self-interested agencies in 1911, resulted in the reciprocity *débâcle*. The St. Lawrence scheme contains just as much dynamite. While it is probably true that the majority of people in Canada, if the proposal were dispassionately presented to them, would be in favor of it, an unprejudiced presentation can hardly be expected. The various political and financial interests concerned have too much at stake. The smoldering fires of fear and prejudice require but little fanning. Therefore, it may be anticipated that the government at Ottawa will advance with the utmost caution; that it will be actuated solely by pressure from the Canadian people; and that urging on the part of the United States will serve as a deterrent rather than an accelerator.

D. M. LEBOURDAIS.

Death to Propriety

WHEN advertisements blared forth with the information that even your best friend would withhold from you, they sounded the death-knell of propriety.

Armed with pen, pencil and brush, a vast horde of advertising men swarmed into the home. Halitosis was their battle-cry.

Now their eyes are everywhere and in words and pictures they lay bare the habits, dreams and fears of America. From basement to attic they crawl and dash. Not satisfied with this snooping, they pry into the clothing, the weight, the digestion and every other intimate detail of mankind. They leave no room in America for reticence or reserve. The bogey men are hidden under your bed, behind the curtains and in the coal bin.

"Woof! Woof!" they cry in accents terrifying. "Watch out—four out of five have it. This might happen to you. Clip the coupon. Clip the coupon."

Pastors and publicists continually lay what they term the breakdown of the moral fiber of the nation to the War. But did the War do it all?

Was it a shot at Sarajevo or the resounding cries of the advertisers as they hawked their wares up and down the countryside and through the city streets? Certainly if the War did away with reticence and propriety, the advertising men wrote their obituary notice. And the obituary notice is still running, not surrounded by a decent black border, but illustrated with all the subtle appeal the artist can provide to attract the eye.

Miss Mabel Choate, who, the advertisement runs, "inherits the distinction and charm of her famous father, the late Joseph Choate," takes you into her bedroom by the medium of the rotogravure and exhibits her bed with pride.

"It is in taste," Miss Choate informs you. You suspect that she is about to jump on it to test the springs for your benefit.

Don't assume from this that the desire to reveal her bedroom to an utter stranger afflicts Miss Choate alone. In the advertisement in which she appears are two other women pointing with unpardonable pride—Mrs. Charles R. Crane II, "a favorite member of Chicago's young married set," and Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, born Mary Harri-man and "a great admirer of French architecture." This trio are only a handful of the number of women who are rushing into type to reveal things about themselves and their possessions which are no concern of yours and which probably would have made their grandmothers blush.

You feel like an intruder and turn the page. Caught again. The Marquise de Polignac, "formerly Miss Nina Crosby of the exclusive Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family," gazes at you. Before you have time to say "pardon the intrusion" and leave, she is exhibiting her complexion and telling of the containers "of sea green glass" out of which it comes.

Backing away and murmuring apologies, you are confronted by Mrs. Morgan Belmont. She confides that she chooses her cigarettes when blindfolded. "What an odd way to choose cigarettes," you mutter under your breath. But there is no escape.

"I was feeling"—begins a young woman who has suddenly glided up in a canoe. She, like the rest, is persistent and you can't escape until you have heard a tale of woe and cathartics. After her a procession of parents exhibiting their children and discussing expansively the benefits of cod liver oil.

Men used to remark "I learned about women from her." Now they learn about women from the advertisements.

"You just know she wears them," the type suggests. Do you? Perhaps you were avidly following the adventures of the latest hijacker when you were forced to turn the page to keep up with him and this suggestion appeared before you in all its naked glory.

Across the page a young girl leans against a

table with carefree abandon, serving as an exhibit for a bewhiskered doctor who is discussing "where the trouble starts." She smiles as a magnifying glass is held in front of her. "From the throat to the colon is one continuous tube," reads the advertisement. "Here is where 90 percent of your ailments start, doctors say." The magnifying glass lays bare what the advertisement is discussing.

"Inferiority complex?" queries another advertisement. "Not if you are personally irreproachable. Perspiration embarrassments may cost you success—in business, in society."

Yet even today, some persons consider Walt Whitman vulgar!

When you look at the girls around you and note that they possess "lure and loveliness: two all-compelling attributes of maid and matron," do you wonder whether all this came out of the bottle with the blue and gold label?

Perhaps one of these girls looks tired. If you were the man on page 101 you would be talking to her in the manner in which he was talking to a girl he hardly knew:

"How often have you said to yourself—'Wish I felt better—don't know just what's wrong?' Not really sick—and still not really well."

"This is the time to take stock of your physical condition. Nine times out of ten you're in need of a thorough internal wash."

Or perhaps you should take her by the arm as the man on page 149 did and advise her to protect "her health and youth by sane habits and the correct practice of feminine hygiene."

Now if she would only clip the coupon at the bottom of the page she would get "professional advice couched in frank, simple language."

How much franker and simpler could some of the language be? It surely couldn't be much franker than that in the advertisement that advises girls, if they don't wish to mention the product by name, to clip the advertisement and hand it to the drug clerk, who will understand.

When you look a second time at a girl today you are afraid she is going to confide to you:

"When friends say I'm lucky to have a clear skin and soft shining hair, I have to tell them it isn't luck at all." And then she tells you of the bottles out of which she poured the fair skin and soft hair.

Surely the War didn't do all this. Could the booming of cannon engender in Miss Choate the urge to show you her bedroom, or lead Mrs. Belmont to admit that she chose cigarettes blindfolded, or bring forward a host of nameless people willing to explain their vulgar habits and ills? No—it is this ever-increasing stream of advertising, sweeping across the country, drowning propriety, reticence and reserve.

Now it can be told—and it is.

REID BYRON.

Washington Notes

ANY idea that this session of Congress will do anything to ameliorate the heavy tasks lying ahead of the fast-traveling Herbert, at this writing still benignly buttering the continent of South America with Good Will and Kind Words, has gone glimmering. There never was anything in it. On the contrary, every proposition that can be postponed will be, and when the now absent President-elect takes hold on March 4, he will promptly have dumped in his fat lap a fine assortment of unsolved—and some of them unsolvable—problems. In addition, through the marvelous combination of Coolidge economy and Mellon management, he will find not only an empty Treasury but the lovely prospect of a fine young deficit staring him in the eyes. Further, the present President will step down smugly, to a full-throated chorus of praise from a national press which, in the face of the most astounding record of futility, has retained its enthusiasm for the man, undiminished and undiluted to the end, but has no such ardor for his successor.

If anyone thinks the efficient and clear-thinking Mr. Hoover does not fully appreciate the basic facts of this situation, that he is not completely aware of the hollowness behind the solemn front of the present administration, and does not understand precisely the sort of deal he is getting from it, then they greatly underestimate the Hoover understanding. He is under no delusions whatever about it and has an entirely clear comprehension of the total lack of personal cordiality toward him of both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon. He knows perfectly well where and how and what they are leaving him, and word comes to me from far-off South America that he does not like it. He will not let on, of course, and he talked so much about the "Coolidge policies" in the campaign that he must keep up the pretense of great regard for the good Calvin. But those who know him best know that the great regard is not only non-existent now but never did exist.

The real Hoover feeling, however, is reflected by those of his friends who are left here in Washington. From the way they talk, I am becoming more convinced than before that, soon after the inauguration, of the so-called Coolidge men in the Cabinet and everywhere else there will be left scarcely a trace. In the meantime, a vast number of Republicans, big and little, are preparing to go to Florida next month. Miami, where Herbert plans to stay practically from the end of January until the first of March, will be badly congested with anxious politicians eager for a personal word with the President-elect as to policies, principles and appointments—particularly appointments. My belief is that they will be deeply disappointed.

One of the great Herbert characteristics is reserve. One of his most deeply seated aversions is to commitments. When he has a thing to do, he does it, but he does not talk about it. When he is going to do a man a favor he does not tell him in advance—he lets him find out that it has been done. I think he will be that way about appointments. I am perfectly confident that there is not today

in the United States a single individual who has been definitely asked to be in his Cabinet—nor will there be, until a few weeks before he takes hold. In a way, this is wisdom, because it can easily be understood that circumstances may arise in a two-months' period to render unavailable any selection made now.

I can understand how exasperating this is to the many more or less eminent personages whose names get into the newspapers as slated for this or that "portfolio" and who would dearly love to possess one but have not even a hint from Herbert. And, of course, to those whose wives take the newspaper mention as equivalent to having the "portfolio" in hand, and proceed to preen themselves on that basis—and there are several such—it is very dreadful indeed. I am afraid that they will have a number of weeks of suffering. My conviction is that it will do these portfolio-seekers no good to rush to Miami in January. Herbert is the kind of guy who does not care much about being rushed.

As to cabinet gossip and speculation, there is much of it here in Washington, but it is mostly so silly that it hardly seems worth setting down. Every two days, impetuous members of our "corps of correspondents" dig up another personal friend of Herbert's whom they promptly place as either the Secretary of State or Secretary of the Treasury. The latest name I have heard is that of Mr. Henry Robinson of California, who was a member of the Dawes Reparations Commission, is a lawyer and a pretty strong man. He may or may not get a "portfolio." I do not know about that, but I do know that the only foundation for mentioning him now is the belated discovery by the "corps of correspondents" that he is a personal friend of Hoover.

Among other things you hear in Washington these days is that the drys will oppose Colonel Donovan for Attorney General. I take no stock in that. It would be impossible for Herbert to find a lawyer of cabinet caliber in the United States who is the sort of dry the drys would cotton to. You hear that Hoover will not appoint the Hon. Henry Prather Fletcher, now with him in South America, as Secretary of State because he is a "career" man and Hoover's first requirement for cabinet office is executive ability, a quality which career men are supposed to lack. And besides, he is said not to have much regard for "career" men, whose information on foreign affairs has rarely checked with the information of the Hoover Department of Commerce agents in the foreign field.

Again you hear that Dr. Borah, the well known regular, wants to be offered the place as Secretary of State in order to decline it. There is a difference of opinion as to whether he would decline it if offered, but no difference of opinion as to his desire to have it offered. You hear that Mr. Mellon will stay and that he will not, but you never hear that the old gentleman doesn't want to. At this stage of the proceedings you can hear a vast number of things in Washington, practically all of which are completely without foundation.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Wings over Europe

Wings over Europe, by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. Martin Beck Theater, December 10, 1928.

ONE OF the authors of "Wings over Europe," Mr. Robert Nichols, is a poet, and the other a poet, theatrical producer and actor; Mr. Maurice Browne's experiments with the Little Theater in Chicago and his various productions and performances in New York are well known, our stage is genuinely indebted to him. Both these playwrights are British.

The Theater Guild's company this time is all men, on the whole well chosen for their parts, and well handled by Mr. Rouben Mamoulian. My only objection to his directing is the semi-stylization now and again in those places where deep thinking is to be indicated. It is not necessary, merely because everyone on the stage is to be absorbed in meditation, reflection, decision, perplexity and so on, that the actors should walk about with the same tread, their heads bent at the same angle, their backs in the same rumination. The effect is even worse in those scenes, coming two or three times, where all the gentlemen sit completely buried in thought, stooping over, leaning on the table and chairs, scowling, in their black coats, like a bough full of rooks, and genuinely comic.

Of the gentlemen of the Cabinet and other high figures in the British government who gather in that handsome room that Mr. Raymond Sovey has designed, the Prime Minister falls to Mr. Ernest Lawford. He gives a sophisticated, reserved performance that in a fragile sort of way is convincing. Mr. Frank Conroy, as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a man with understandings in the world of culture and science, and with a wise and noble despair, knows what the part means, and knows the implications of the subtle and complex situation that the play presents. Mr. John Dunn, as Lord Privy Seal and famous man of the turf, is witty and every way right. And Mr. Alexander Kirkland, a newcomer with the Guild but evidently very fortunate not only in his natural gifts, but also in his training with Mr. Stuart Walker's Cincinnati company, has the difficult and yet strangely easy role, if it falls into the hands of a fine, sensitive talent like Mr. Kirkland's, of the young scientist who has made an invention that will change the course of civilization, and who has a vision of human revolution and salvation, the mere thought of which turns the Cabinet Committee into a writhing mass. Mr. Kirkland gives a beautiful performance, both technically and in feeling and intelligence. He gets not only the freshness and youth of the part, but also that effect of egotism sublimated into exaltation that is even more necessary in the final meaning of the character and the play. "Wings over Europe" is a fine, brave venture for the Guild.

There was a day in our theater, and only a few seasons back, when the newness of some of its matter made the play itself hard to judge. The mere mention of certain things hitherto unmentioned, and the mere use of language strong because of its old forbidden nature, made a heady entertainment and a bigger claim to merit sometimes than the work deserved. Now of late, it has come to pass, for some of us, that the mere presence of fine words, beautiful

writing, thoughts somewhat removed from the troubles of bums, gangs, street-walkers and local politicians, is enough to warp our judgment. The two poets and men of culture and interests who wrote "Wings over Europe" have given it a lift and often a kind of eager sonority that charms the tired sense, and that turns our ear, worn down with the current paucities in sound and theme, into a special pleader for the play as a whole. This sounds as if "Wings over Europe" might be a matter of mere words and high-flying phrases. But that is by no means true. The quality extends throughout the texture of the play. The conception and the motives have the glow of creative thinking, and exhibit that effect of an immersion in music, of surrounding idea and harmony, with which the poetic mind conceives and conveys its thought.

As a lay-out of material "Wings over Europe" has three sides. On one there is the theme of a novel invention, unheard-of before, startling in the changes it shall work, and so on; this is common stuff for the magazines, and for stories about Robots and diverse mechanical monsters, immortality potions, projections into other planets, miraculous laboratories on this.

In the present story the young man, Francis Lightfoot, at twenty-five, and already scheduled for the Nobel Prize, has discovered a method of releasing the energy in the atom, so that with his machine a lump of sugar has power enough in it to blow Vesuvius out of the earth. He informs his uncle, the Prime Minister, of his secret, who, in turn, before calling this Cabinet Committee and so beginning the drama, has his nephew examined by eminent pathologists and declared sane. The nature of the discovery sets the officials of the British Empire by the ears, for the implications with regard to power and government are patent; and the discussion ends by their insisting on the young man's swearing to destroy his invention. This he refuses to do, is threatened with prison or death, counters with the threat to blow these gentlemen and their England to bits if, in the light of the new human glory and freedom, they remain so selfish, dull and base, and thus brings them to their knees. In the end his decision is to become the agent of nature, whose teaching they have refused, whose mind they would obstruct, and to destroy them and his country. He goes out, to return in a quarter of an hour. Desperation reigns, combined with frank speaking here at the last before death intervenes; the Minister of War resolves to take matters into his own hands, he will shoot the young man before the last moment strikes. Francis is shot and laid on the table, his watch, in which the starter for the distant invention is concealed, is taken from his dying hands. A telegram arrives from Geneva. The scientists who have attended the Englishman's demonstration of his invention have carried the secret overseas; they now will bring the nations to terms; at that very moment the noise of the aeroplanes can be heard in the air overhead. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, unobserved, steals the machine and rushes away to counter with it at Geneva.

There is a second side to the play that involves theories of society, the actions of men in relation to progress and illumination, brotherhood and freedom. And there is another of the scientist poet, with his prophecy of man's

future, his genius and excitement, his human impetuosity. Of the poet in general there are as many conceptions as there are thinkers on the subject, but the more serious conceptions go in two directions. We have a man, like Mr. Shaw's Eugene in "Candida," whose acumen, sensitivity and independence give him perception, beauty and distinction; and all these feed his imagination. Or we have a figure, something like that of Shelley in the minds of the whole-cloth Shelleyites, of genius and light, who knows truth because he is clear and high and swift; who is something above explanation, statistics and sanity, above, indeed, all but our inmost reality, the voice of our souls heightened into the power and vast unconscious pride of an angel. Francis Lightfoot belongs to this latter poetic region; and the final course of the play takes the same direction.

These several elements, by the time we get to the third act of "Wings over Europe" are working in all their complexity. But here the play is least successful. The young genius declares his state of mind and ultimate credo, and comes off not too cogently. And after he has announced his intention of blowing things up and left the scene, the fifteen minutes of recriminations, reckless confessions, insults and revelations, are a trite motive after all, and need to be rather better done if used. On the side of prophecy, theory and vision we may say of this act what Mr. Santayana says of Platonism—it may be "the highest expression of what it fails to make comprehensible." This is partly a matter of the medium employed. Such matter might come off better in some Eroica Symphony, where the aspiration and visionary reach of it could discover to us its longing, vitality and passion, without committing itself to the sharp concepts that words involve.

The third act would also gain by some further development of one of its themes, in Francis' last speech the motive is introduced. He has mastered the secret of nature, become nature's agent; he has still the need of the same genius and invention for the world within him; he must live the drama of the new day's relation to himself.

"Wings over Europe" gains doubly in the light of the Promethean myth—the apparatus of human multitudes in the distance, of vultures, tormenting visitors; the scene of the lonely height; the Fire-Bringer's sole offense, he will make men cease from contemplating death.

STARK YOUNG.

An Opinion in Metaphor

Bitterness is lamentable
And like a rusted suit of mail;
They that wear it win few cohorts
And scant attention for the pale
Ironic scrolls of anguish at their lips.

Seldom is it pitiable
To come upon these tired crusaders
Sitting in corroded armor,
All bandying, contemptuous traders
Of the crust that crumbles and the cup that drips—

Sardonic jousts in deserted fields
With scorpions and jackals on their shields.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Background and High-lights

IN THE 1830's James Fenimore Cooper declared that "our country is deficient in the materials of society most pertinent to the purpose of the novelist" and on that ground the North American Review defended Washington Irving's predilection for English subjects. What was lacking in America was background, and eighty years later, when these very complaints have become part of our background, they are still heard. In the earlier days people specified the absence of definite classes of society; in our own time we are more likely to hear about the intellectual atmosphere which the creative artist requires; but these are variations of the theme that "background" is wanting.

I hesitate to say that the complaint is not justified, although I know that for me, American-born and the son of immigrants, the background is rich to the point of confusion, and tremendously exciting; intellectually, in art and thought and religion, it does not break off abruptly from the European, and where it varies I cannot be sure of the elements which are unquestionably American. But it seems to me that one reason for the feeling that America stands in the flat, with no place for her shadow to fall (and hence no ready way to measure elevation), is the wilful neglect of ourselves which artists and critics have practised. If the French mind is Cartesian the reason is partly because Descartes summed up the qualities of the French mind and partly because the French have never allowed themselves to forget Descartes; the mind of America will be the less pragmatic if we keep on telling ourselves that we have had no philosophers and do not remember William James. From the very beginning the changes have come so fast, the new thing has so rapidly edged out the old, that even in the behavioristic sense of repeated impulsions, we have not bothered to develop a national memory. In fact, at the very start, it was a point of patriotism to overvalue the strange and the novel, and a visiting Frenchman said of us that the earth and the buildings upon it "partake of the universal instability" of America.

Today the most successful writers about America are those who treat of objects in the immediate foreground: the new methods of business, the latest type of advertisement, the last word in pretentious culture, the charlatan who will be exposed tomorrow, the rotarian, the bootlegger, the chauffeur are the subjects of criticism and of fiction, and none of these is shown as a development of systems and people of the past. Standing by themselves they appear all the more grotesque, pompous, flatulent, and disagreeable; and a good part of the biography and history which should correct this appearance is "reading back" the less attractive features of the present into the past. A study of a typical American business man, a typical American town, in relation to the business and the town which preceded them, would not be successful caricature, since, except in the hands of masters, caricature is most easily handled in a single dimension. It is immediate and can take no account of time.

In the past few months a number of books dealing with the religious past of America have appeared. As an example of the corrective power of history they suggest, unintentionally perhaps, that Methodism, which Mencken

treats as an interfering and tyrannical religion, created about 1910, may have been a liberalizing force, and that the proliferation of cults, a new phenomenon to the average American critic and a silly one, may have had an influence for a whole century on the development of the American outlook on life. These are points which happen to interest me exceedingly; but I find similar ones in other fields. The typical American way of handling machinery and the problems of the machine develops steadily from 1789 at the latest (we have an example of interchangeable parts, of the Ford system, in that year). The liquidation of war supplies (including morals) after the Civil War ran a course parallel to the liquidation after the Great War. Continuity, which creates background, exists.

"Evangelized America" (Dial Press, \$4) and "The Confusion of Tongues" (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50) complement each other as if by design, the first being the story of revivalism in America and the second the record of contemporary American cults. Mr. G. C. Loud, in the former, indicates how revivalism helped to prepare the ground for the Mormons and the Millerites, and Mr. C. W. Ferguson, in the other, shows how these cults rose in a country burnt out by revivals. The interrelation in each case is sketched as if it were of secondary significance, and less obvious relationships are omitted altogether. Thus Mr. Loud, in discussing Charles Grandison Finney, does not emphasize the two supremely important features of Finney's career: his break with Calvinism (Finney's background and the background of revivalism generally) and his hesitant steps toward sanctification—toward the idea that the Christian can live a sinless life on earth. The first of these is complicated; omitting the process, it resulted in preserving for the revivalists since Finney's time the weapon of damnation and the promise of salvation, each of which had a chance, at the critical moment, of excluding the other. It was Finney, more than anyone else, who effected the compromise between Edwardsian theology and the easy way of the Universalists, and made that compromise the basis of all future revivalism. His second point of significance, his idea of perfection, created in turn the background for numerous cults.

Mr. Loud is not unaware of the results of religious excitement. Of the Methodist societies he says that "personal participation and personal responsibility, self-determination and self-discipline, inevitably nurtured individualism, which was a contributing factor in the struggle for industrial justice and political liberty. . . . Methodism grew in the hearts of the American people and emerged from the conflict to give its blessing to their Constitution." But he fails to develop these ideas and leaves the reader to surmise that "personal participation and personal responsibility" ate into the foundations of Calvinism in 1800 and had something to do with the creation of New Thought in 1900. He has isolated his subject from both its background and its foreground.

Mr. Ferguson's book is all foreground, more brilliantly splashed with color than Mr. Loud's, more brightly written, and more completely in the void. His appendix indicates clearly enough that he sees relations between the cults and such social phenomena as Oneida, the Llano Coöperative and the Icarians; but he is much more con-

cerned with Buchman and Pastor Russell and Aimée McPherson (also treated by Mr. Loud, but with less detail) and with Unity and the Liberal Catholics, the Ku Klux and Atheism, to all of which he brings novel information and fresh treatment: Atheism as an evangelizing religion is especially entertaining. It is particularly agreeable to find a book treating outlandish and perverse manifestations of the religious spirit without too much smartness; Mr. Ferguson is an observer and an accurate recorder, rather than a snappy commentator. He understands that the important thing about the followers of Uldine Utley and John Roach Straton and the rest is the intensity of their belief and the effect of this belief on their behavior.

He believes also that the proliferation of cults is a sign that "the land is simply teeming with faith and that the cults should be studied as raw material in anthropology"; and even: "It is to the cults that we must look if we are to find a lauded revival of religion which so many hopeful saints have prophesied." But if one considers Methodism as a half-conscious attack on Calvinism and on the idea of an Establishment, and the revivals as unwittingly breaking down Methodism, and the cults which sprang from revivals as rendering evangelism powerless, one cannot be quite so sure. It is one of the difficulties of using the background that it undermines assurance.

GILBERT SELDES.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Catholic Church in Mexico

SIR: While considerations of space which every editor understands have erected a semi-unwritten law against taking issue with a book reviewer, may I nevertheless reply to the strictures laid by Frank Tannenbaum in his review of "Mexico and Its Heritage." Welcoming such friendly criticism—or any criticism—I feel that the understanding of Mexican problems is of sufficient importance in the United States to desire to set my rebuttal into the record.

It is perhaps suggestive that Mr. Tannenbaum, who has spent four years in an intensive study of Mexico's agrarianism, and has therefore had a better opportunity to ground himself thereon than any other student, offers no objection whatever to my treatment of the land problem. He takes issue with me on the Church, Labor, and Mexican-United States relations. Of the first he says:

"The author devotes 100 of 800 pages to the Church. Apart from the fact that the space is out of proportion when compared with all the other subjects the author considers, the treatment is such as to lay him open to the charge of being biased. The fact that he quotes Catholic authorities against the Church will not save him, in spite of the fact that he calls attention to the injustices suffered by Catholics in the recent conflict with the government, because it would have been just as easy to quote from equally reputable authorities an equally large body of evidence in favor of the Church, and the chapter will serve to confirm the attitude of the enemies of the Catholic Church, both in and out of Mexico. Without having any special competence in the matter, the reviewer must submit that the following leaves much to be desired . . . 'the . . . degeneration in Mexico of the ministry from a noble calling into a sordid business . . . it is difficult to escape the conviction that acquisitiveness has been and is the dominant motive with a large section of the Mexican clergy.' This would be an inadequate and incomplete explanation even for a purely business organization. After all, there are such things as belief in God even among Mexican priests."

Of the various problems confronting Mexico, of which I treat (Indianism, land, the Church, militarism, labor, politics, justice, education, health, foreign relations, etc.), none is so controversial as that which relates to the Church. None is of such interest in the United States. None, because of the possible consequences of the controversy, is more important to clarify. But while such problems as politics (to which I devote 100 pages), labor, education, health, are contemporary, and discussion of them is confined chiefly to the eighteen revolutionary years, the religious question harks back to before the Conquest. For a true understanding it was necessary to trace the story through four hundred years; only thereby could the contemporary semi-paganism of the supposedly Catholic Mexicans, and the medievalism of a large part of the clergy, be brought into relief. Moreover, to avoid the risk of

unfairness and the danger of falling into the bias of limited selection, it was necessary to show the continuity of certain practices by cumulative citation and example in virtually every one of the fourteen generations. It is pertinent to note that two other reviewers, Mr. H. E. Armstrong, in the New York Times, and Mr. Carleton Beals, in the Nation, express regret that I did not devote even more space to two different aspects of the Church issue. The fact is that I felt obliged to omit a large quantity of material further corroborative of the conclusions which Mr. Tannenbaum disputes. So much for the question of space.

One essential point which I stressed, but apparently did not make clear to Mr. Tannenbaum, was that it is wholly impossible to judge the Church in Mexico by comparison with the Church in the United States. Despite the assumption of the immutability and uniformity of Roman Catholicism throughout the world, the truth is that Roman Catholicism in Mexico and the United States are not only far, far apart, but almost opposite in many respects. On this very point Professor Herbert Ingram Priestley, reviewing "Mexico and Its Heritage" for the Saturday Review, says: "Some American Catholics will possibly find their sensibilities wounded by his criticism of the Church in Mexico, but he speaks so clearly the truth, putting blame for the religious strife impartially on the Church, politics, and the army, that if only a part of his findings are accepted we shall begin to rid ourselves of that deadly parallelism which is the mother of so much unfortunate preconception about Mexico."

When Mr. Tannenbaum asserts that "it would have been just as easy to quote from equally reputable authorities an equally large body of evidence in favor of the Church," and implies thereby a one-sided selection of material, he invites a challenge: Let him produce the authorities and quote from them—that is, authorities who may fairly be said to be equally free from partisan bias, or as likely to be predisposed against the Church in Mexico as those whom I quote were naturally predisposed in favor of it. I believe I have not overlooked such authorities.

The two-part sentences which Mr. Tannenbaum quotes as "leaving much to be desired" appear, of course, in the book with a great body of substantiatory fact. They are harsh conclusions, but the evidence more than justifies them; and as the chapters in question seek to point out, a reform from within the Church in Mexico is at least one essential to a permanent (and I might add, highly desirable) settlement of the still smoldering conflict.

Mr. Tannenbaum's closing sentence is rhetorical, but I can reply that judging from the actions of not a few Mexican priests—actions wholly contrary to the laws, teachings and morality of the Church as we know it in this country—one may well consider their love of, fear of, and belief in the God they profess to worship highly problematical.

I do not feel justified in seeking the extensive space necessary to offer my refutation of Mr. Tannenbaum's various strictures on

my treatment of Labor and Mexican-United States relations. I can only point out that in regard to the latter he seems to mistake the assertion of my belief in the preponderance of logic and equity on the side of the United States, as applying to the fundamental issues which have arisen between the two countries. A careful reading should make clear that I was referring to particular issues involving the Obregon-Calles regime, as those issues had been more or less defined by the Mexican authorities of those administrations themselves. I am certainly unable to recognize as my own Mr. Tannenbaum's interpretation of what I said as implying that the Mexicans should give up the basic fruits of their Revolution "because one of the groups of the Mexican Revolution was retained in power by the aid of American intervention."

ERNEST GRUENING.

Portland, Me.

Mr. Carter and Professor Buell

SIR: Only today did I have an opportunity to read Professor Buell's amusing review of my book "Conquest." I do not wish the readers of the New Republic to go away with the impression that I have written as solemn and muddle-headed a book as Professor Buell's review. Having reviewed books myself, I know that the easiest thing is to grasp the book's theme and then say how much better a book could have been written along these lines if only, etc.

Professor Buell's "if only" is simply expressed: "One cannot tell whether Mr. Carter is for or against imperialism." Can the reviewer say whether he is "for or against" the steam-engine, and if he is, does anybody care?

On one point, your erudite reviewer seems to have grasped my argument without comprehending the significance. He takes exception to my statement that "the separation of business and state must be considered as a major foreign policy of the United States."

"Why foreign?" demands Dr. Buell. "He cannot mean that the government should not support business abroad, because he dwells at length upon the great 'contribution' of Messrs. Kellogg, Hughes and Coolidge to international law, namely, the export of the Fourteenth Amendment to those countries where American capital resides. This is the real issue in the whole problem. But it is a problem which Mr. Carter blissfully ignores."

Having stated that I "dwell at length" upon the export of the Fourteenth Amendment (which is the magna charta of American Big Business, *vide* Charlie Beard), how does he deduce that I blissfully ignore it? And as for enforcing our conceptions of private property on other nations, do we not also endeavor to enforce our conceptions of religious liberty abroad, every time we send a gun-boat to protect a missionary? And does the former imply that there is a union between the American government and Big Business, any more than the latter demonstrates that there is a union between the American government and, say, the Methodist Church?

The gist of Dr. Buell's complaint against my book, in short, seems to be that he didn't write it.

JOHN CARTER.

New York City.

An Unterrified Democrat

SIR: The campaign just closed has left some of us prouder even than we have ever been of our self-inscribed membership in the Democratic party, and we are loth to lose that vivid sense of "belonging" and of principles worth fighting for which Governor Smith's leadership has inspired. We wonder whether the enthusiasm engendered by the campaign cannot be capitalized now for the preservation and development of Democratic principles and in the interests of Democratic organization and victory four years hence.

We subscribe so heartily to Governor Smith's belief in the educational function of the minority party and the necessity for sustained interest that we should like to see the Democratic National Committee take steps to make our party effective for that purpose

by the establishment of a permanent Educational Division, properly endowed. Moreover, we have such profound admiration for Governor Smith's political gifts and political achievements and have ourselves been so deeply stirred by his leadership in the recent campaign that we should be glad to see him in charge of such an Educational Department. And by Educational Department we do not mean a mere propaganda or publicity bureau, but an organization specifically designed to keep alive the interest of the rank and file of the party and give us that information, that "full and complete presentation of the facts," which Governor Smith rightly regards as the "first and indispensable element of education." We are inclined to think that under inspiring leadership such an Educational Department could do much to interest future voters in a Democratic Youth Movement dedicated to the preservation and advancement of Democratic principles.

Even ten cents from each Democratic voter would be \$1,500,000, enough, we imagine, to initiate and endow an educational program of the sort contemplated. Meanwhile, and in any event, may we not at least hear Governor Smith over the radio? We should like nothing better than to see Governor Smith's policies kept before the country and hear, periodically, his opinions on current political problems.

Boyetown, Pa.

LUCIA BECKER.

Singing Jailbirds

SIR: I have just received by air-mail clippings from several New York newspapers, reviewing a dress rehearsal of "Singing Jailbirds" in the Provincetown Theater in New York last Sunday evening. The fastidious metropolitan critics find the production worthy of praise; so perhaps you will grant me space to tell your readers about the practical side of the enterprise.

We who care about free speech confront a difficult situation out here on the Coast. The police have arrogated to themselves the right to throw rebel working men into jail at any time upon any pretext; and the courts invariably sustain the action. A month or two ago a number of Communists were raided, without warrant of law, and if it were not for the generosity of Kate Crane Gartz in putting up bail, a score of persons would be in jail at the present time. The police even arrested members of the International Labor Defense who were collecting funds for the striking miners of Pennsylvania.

The only hope appears to be an appeal to the rest of the country. Our "boosters" are sensitive to outside criticisms, they don't like the "wobbly" phrase, "California, land of Orange Groves and Jails." In the hope of stirring the sluggish-minded, I undertook to raise the money to finance a production of "Singing Jailbirds" by the New Playwrights Theater. The budget was about one-fourth what the play would have cost if done for commercial purposes; but even so, I was unable to raise more than half, and the rest has come from my own pocket. The play is to run for a month at the Provincetown Theater, the house having been sold out at half price for the first three weeks to various labor organizations. As the theater seats only two hundred persons, this barely pays the running costs. We would like very much to move the play to an up-town theater, where larger audiences could see it; and if any of your readers will assist the enterprise, we will gladly give a lien upon the receipts. I am taking no royalty upon the New Playwrights' Theater, 133 W. Fourteenth Street, New York.

Long Beach, Cal.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Thoreau's College Papers

SIR: I am trying to obtain accurate texts of Henry Thoreau's college essays. Middlebury College, the Morgan Library, and the Huntington Library have most of the manuscripts. I should appreciate learning the whereabouts of the few others of these college essays by Thoreau. Address the Department of English, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

RAYMOND ADAMS.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Elizabeth and Essex

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 296 pages. \$3.75.

MR. STRACHEY plays his queens well. He has chosen for the themes of his longer masterpieces two of the greatest of them, two who have had the longest reigns of recorded matriarchs, and who have given their names to their respective eras, Elizabeth and Victoria. Both queens were symbols of the national greatness. Both were centers of the influence peculiar to their times, and were surrounded by figures who fulfill the concepts, Elizabethan and Victorian—on the one hand Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Southampton, Essex; on the other Peel, Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Disraeli, Prince Albert. Indeed, Essex, like Prince Albert, was the special mirror of his age, and in his relation to his queen wrote its characteristic love story. Clearly, having finished with Victoria and Albert, Mr. Strachey must have felt the dramatic propriety of continuing with Elizabeth and Essex.

It is too much to say that in "Elizabeth and Essex" Mr. Strachey has equaled his earlier performance. Into the Victorian Age he has an uncanny insight and he holds a strategic position from which to enflame it with his cross fire. The chief of his qualities as historian is the facility and pertinence of his quotation, and the copious memoirs, diaries and letters of the nineteenth century furnish him with abundant material. His triumph over the Victorians consists in making them give themselves away. Documents he has for the Elizabethan story—the letters of Cecil, Bacon, Essex and Elizabeth herself, and the proceedings of state trials; he has used them skillfully and illuminatingly; but they are stiff and formal in their texture and do not lend themselves readily to Mr. Strachey's adroit use of the second intention. His style in "Victoria" partakes subtly of the virtues of the great school, removal from which makes him only more conscious of his intimacy with it. Mr. Strachey may be said to have written the apotheosis of Victorian prose. "Elizabeth and Essex" has likewise a style in full harmony with the manner of the great age which it celebrates: but it is a style romantic and passionate, instead of intimate and insinuating. It is no disparagement to say that Mr. Strachey has not found himself in the Elizabethan Age as in the Victorian.

The story of Elizabeth and Essex is given a sub-title in the Elizabethan phrase, "a tragic history." It is one of those instances of sudden reversal in the tide of human affairs of which the Renaissance was fond of collecting examples. The sudden plunge from splendor and power down to the lowest depths of shame might be the vengeance of God; it might be the caprice of fortune. There is little doubt that contemporaries saw in the fall of Essex an instance of the latter. The lover of the Queen, so far as that term had meaning, and the darling of the people, the sharer in the triumph over the Armada, the victor of Cadiz, the Lord Deputy of Ireland who was almost a sovereign—all this greatness and charm perishing by the headsman's axe was beyond human explanation. No wonder that they invented the story of the Queen's ring with its assurance of pardon, sent at the last moment by the dying Earl to his mistress, and intercepted by his enemies.

This anecdote Mr. Strachey rejects. He makes his drama one of human character: the Queen, distrustful and procrastinating; Cecil, patient and wary; Bacon, the type of Renaissance ambition which rises through knowledge

of other men's foibles; Essex, open-handed and simple-hearted, easily the victim of his friends. There are two questions which arise out of the history which have been much debated: First, how far did the Essex conspiracy extend, that its leader should suffer death from the Queen who loved him and had forgiven him so many errors and failures? Second, what justification was there for Bacon's desertion of his friend and benefactor? As to the first, it must be remembered that Essex was a descendant of Edward III. His claim to the throne might be held as good as that of the Tudors, and he was surely a more gracious aspirant than James of Scotland. Essex represented his aim as merely to take possession of the person of the Queen and remove from her councils his enemies, Cecil, Raleigh and Cobham, but it is clear that his friends and supporters looked farther. The citizens of London, whose idol he was, surely preferred a king in the hand to one in the bush, especially the bush of Scotland. It was this popularity of Essex which made his attempt serious. To this he trusted when he issued forth from Essex House with only two hundred followers, and if the city had risen to him there is little doubt that he would have become King of England. The state of the public mind can be inferred from literary evidence. A multitude of pamphlets were issued in his behalf. John Hayward put out a history of Henry IV, the usurper, which he dedicated to Essex. It was regarded as straight propaganda for a change in the dynasty, and the author was imprisoned in the Tower during the rest of Elizabeth's reign. But the great propagandist for the Essex cause was Shakespeare. His patron was the Earl of Southampton, who had married Essex' cousin and was foremost in his counsels. On the night before the attempt on the city, "Richard II," the play of deposition, was acted at the Globe Theater. But more conclusive than this is the evidence of the folio version of "Henry V." The fact that the quarto edition lacks so many passages found in the folio, especially those of exuberant patriotism in the prologues and choruses, and the discussion of the duties and responsibilities of kingship, has long puzzled scholars. Professor Albright in a recent article in Proceedings of the Modern Language Association shows that these passages bear on the plans of Essex, his coming from Ireland being likened to that of Henry V from France, with many subsidiary political references. The folio thus represents the earlier version of the play, written in the fullness of Essex' hope; and the quarto shows how much cutting was necessary to avoid the fate of Hayward. Thus the fall of Essex was not the temperamental reprisal of an insulted woman, but a solemn assertion of the dignity of the sovereign, a rebuke to the ambition of the subject and an emphatic determination of the succession to the throne.

The relation of Essex and Bacon has excited as much comment as that of Essex and Elizabeth, and of a more serious kind. Instead of the operation of fortune we have that of human forces. Mr. Strachey points out that Essex was a man of the old nobility; he took part in the artificial revival of chivalry which contributed to the decoration of Elizabeth's court, of which Sir Philip Sidney was the star. Sidney's Stella, it will be remembered, was Essex' sister. Bacon, on the other hand, was a man of the Renaissance, intent on rising in the world by the exercise of his own *virtu*. He and his older brother, Anthony, had early joined Essex' party; Essex had dared the disfavor of the Queen in urging Bacon's claims to office, and when he could help him in no other way he presented him with an estate of some value. In his separation from Essex, when

the latter's fortunes grew doubtful, we have the evidence of Bacon's letters to show that he despaired of directing a man so incapable of finesse in his conduct, and regarded longer association with him as a danger to himself. He had urged Essex in the matter of going to Ireland to pretend willingness to accept the charge and use this pretense to bring the rebels to terms. But Bacon added, "Your lordship is too quick to pass in such cases from dissimulation to verity." Bacon continued to advise Essex, but gradually drew away from his faction to that of his own relatives, the Cecils. When Essex was brought to trial, Bacon appeared for the State, and when the prosecution threatened to break down, owing to the fact that much of the evidence had to be suppressed, it was his hand that steadied the tottering case. His conduct made a deep impression on the minds of his contemporaries as significant of the Machiavellian doctrine which was reprobated of all true Englishmen. Mr. Strachey is at his best in dealing with Bacon. He writes of him with studied reserve, damning him with persistent understatement which is more disastrous than torrents of invective.

"Elizabeth and Essex" raises one question which it does not answer, the future of Mr. Strachey himself. Will he become the Macaulay of this century, interpreting history through studies of human character and background, with a point of view as characteristically contemporary as was Macaulay's, and with a style more artful and various, modern in its freedom from rhetorical panoply? Remembering the needs of historians of literature and how conveniently Macaulay has served them in the past as the landmark of Victorianism, we nominate Mr. Strachey for the vacant position, and hope that he will accept.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Jesus and His Interpreters

The Master: A Life of Christ, by Walter Russell Bowie, Rector of Grace Church. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 328 pages. \$2.50.

Jesus the Son of Man, by Kahlil Gibran. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 216 pages. \$3.50.

The Friend of Jesus, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Simon and Schuster. 218 pages. \$2.

Jesus on Social Institutions, by Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Company. 158 pages. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY is the present craze of the publishers. If the material for authentic history be meager, so much the larger opportunity for romance. If the subject be one whose story appeals to the deeper feelings of the reader, so much the greater lure. For centuries there has been no other name given among men so appealing to religious interest as that of Jesus. The last century, concerned as never before to investigate and test the Gospel sources, has poured forth an ever-increasing flood of Lives of Christ. Certainly the progress toward true historical appreciation has not been small, and present interest in religion is great. But Lives of Christ in the last decade have taken on a more and more sensational character, till a Papini, a Barbusse, a Bruce Barton have thrown history to the winds to give free rein to fancy. Jesus tends to become a stage "property."

Of the four small volumes enumerated above, only the first and last claim to have paid much attention to the researches of scholarship. Mr. Bowie has devout feeling and a style of great beauty and purity. Moreover, the

present effort is not his first. Under the titles "When Jesus Was Born" and "The Inescapable Christ" he has made the material of the Gospel critic serve the purposes of the preacher. In his present attempt to draw from the record something of the real drama, he has had council from such excellent advisers as President Henry Sloane Coffin and Professor James E. Frame of Union Theological Seminary. The result is a Life of Christ which is free from the fantastic extravagances of a Papini, but offers little beyond the well known features of Gospel paraphrase. One rises from a perusal of these pages with a sense of having read almost the same in those of G. A. Barton or E. I. Bosworth. Again, to find our author taking issue with S. J. Case on the question of Jesus' use of the title "Son of Man" is not reassuring. For it is explicitly taken on the ground that "this type of criticism . . . begins by tracing all the deep grooves of circumstance and idea in which men of that time moved, and in which psychologically all men ordinarily *had* to move; and then smoothly concludes that Jesus moved in these grooves too." According to Bowie, "Jesus was not ordinary"; therefore we should account for his words and conduct by circumstances and ideas which were *not* those of his age. The transcendent greatness is unquestionably there, but this is hardly the true method for appreciation of it. Nevertheless Mr. Bowie's paraphrase of the gospel story is embellished by a devout imagination, which without great originality comes gratifyingly near to being historical.

Kahlil Gibran is poet as well as artist. His drawings remind us of William Blake. His dreamy meditations on gospel themes are woven around the imagined figures of seventy-seven witnesses, friends and enemies of Jesus, who describe their impressions. To some extent the fact that Gibran is himself a native of Lebanon may help him to appreciate the mysticism of ancient Syria, and we cannot doubt the deep sincerity of his mood. But to have been born in Syria does not supply the lack of real research. Poetic feeling and devout mysticism are precious. But they can develop equally well on a basis of sound historical inquiry. In "Jesus the Son of Man" the basis is not history but religious emotion kindled by traditional gospel story.

Ernest S. Bates appears to be the only survivor of that strange Gnostic sect of the second century which took the name of "Cainites" and "Ophites" (serpent worshippers), from the fact that their teachings reversed the moral distinctions of Scripture. The serpent who inducted Adam and Eve into the knowledge of good and evil was the redeemer of humanity from the base and cruel tyranny of Jehovah. Cain was the first saint, Sodom and Gomorrah the ancient cities of God. Mr. Bates makes Judas Iscariot his real hero, who betrays Jesus to his enemies in the hope of thus extricating him from the snares into which he has fallen through listening to the deceitful lure of Jehovah! The Sermon on the Mount is now recast to suit the teachings of Nietzsche. Judas Iscariot promulgates his own gospel, telling first the Bible story as Satan related it to him in boyhood, then the history of his own association with Jesus.

For the correction of a vast amount of misinterpretation of the Gospels it is well worth while that a scholar such as Dean Mathews should bring to bear his expert knowledge of sociology and historical conditions in Palestine in Jesus' time. The present little volume replaces his earlier book, "The Social Teaching of Jesus," and marks an advance on the notable works of Peabody, Rauschenbusch, Vedder and Ward.

B. W. BACON.

Can Education Save Democracy?

The American and the German University, by Charles Franklin Thwing. New York: The Macmillan Company. 238 pages. \$2.25.

The Campus: A Study of Contemporary Undergraduate Life in the American University, by Robert Cooley Angell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 239 pages. \$2.50.

Changing Conceptions of School Discipline, by Pickens E. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 384 pages. \$2.

A Sociological Philosophy of Education, by Ross L. Finney. New York: The Macmillan Company. 563 pages. \$2.50.

The New Leaven, by Stanwood Cobb. New York: The John Day Company. 340 pages. \$2.50.

PRESIDENT THWING'S volume is not so much a comparison of American and German education as it is an attempt to study the influence of the German universities upon our own. This influence was largely a nineteenth-century phenomenon, and it is here clearly traced from the time when Edward Everett, George Ticknor, George Bancroft and J. G. Cogswell went to Göttingen in the century's second decade, through the period during which ten thousand American students registered for advanced work in German universities. It is interesting to note that, although three members of this first quartette earned places among our most distinguished American scholars and publicists, no one of them remained long in American university teaching, and no one of them was regarded as a successful professor. It is possible, as implied by the author, that this failure can be traced to individual peculiarities. It seems more probable that it resulted from the fact that there was no cultural common denominator between the two countries at that time.

On the side of undergraduate life, Professor Robert Cooley Angell has provided an interesting volume in his "The Campus." Professor Angell as a sociologist is more interested in attitudes and dispositions than in methods of organization. As he sees it, the undergraduate today is at a node of change, and the cause of his lack of consecration to strictly university ideals is to be found in the general "externalization" of our American standards. As with his elders, his desire for immediate outward approbation in athletics and college side-shows is far stronger than his devotion to the pallid search for truth. A number of significant statistical tables are included in the appendix, and they seem to warrant Professor Angell's conclusion:

As it is, most of our students come from a class of families having none too great intellectual curiosity and, above all, from a group which is eminently satisfied with things as they are and which registers a vehement and uncritical protest against any change in the existing order. It is small wonder that the sons and daughters have not realized the need for constructive thinking.

Dr. Dewey has provided much of that "new leaven" which Stanwood Cobb has taken as the title for a volume on the "progressive school" movement. It is also Dewey's thinking which lies behind the movement that has helped to bring about "Changing Conceptions of School Discipline." This Dr. Harris, himself a disciple of Dewey's,

has made the subject of a volume. In it he traces the shift from the old conception under which the schoolmaster had two distinct functions: first, as authoritative disciplinarian, and secondly, as inculcator of learning to those who behaved—down through the "war on whispering" to the present, where in many quarters the idea of control has sometimes been lost entirely and sometimes merged in the teaching function. The stages in the process are carefully traced and the argument, which is often good, occasionally lists heavily toward the side of the "soft pedagogy." It is true that no sensible teacher today feels that it is his first duty to "break the will" of his pupil. Even the best teacher, however, will occasionally find in his class the social recalcitrant, who, no matter how interesting the subject may be made, will remain an educational surd, a poor academic citizen. With him in a class, it cannot be made safe for educational democracy. Like Montesquieu's Turk, he is amenable only to fear. For him, the tyranny of authoritative force will remain the only good government.

At a time when so much writing on education deals only with the minutiae of technique, it is a particular pleasure to encounter a volume as original in thought and, in spite of minor slips, as refreshing in presentation as Professor Ross L. Finney's "A Sociological Philosophy of Education." He has not swallowed Dewey whole, nor is he given to the soft pedagogy. As Renan held that civilization is to be saved by science, so Dr. Finney holds that it is to be saved by education. The educator is the physician. Society is his patient, the curriculum his prescription.

Professor Finney's thesis is in itself a challenge. "The institutions of society are the objectives of education," he tells us. By these institutions he means the Family, the Local Community, the State, the Industries, the Church, the School, the Press, the Standard of Living, the Customary Recreations, the Health-preserving Activities, Miscellaneous. The intellectual resources of the social life through which we realize these institutions, he lists as follows: The Means of Communication, The Technique of Industry, The Technique of Amusement, The Sciences, The Fine Arts, The Popular Beliefs, The Prevailing Ideals, The Folk-ways, The Mores. On the adequacy of these categories, there could, of course, be endless debate. But anyone who assumes on the basis of this somewhat old-fashioned "set-up" that Dr. Finney is a conservative of the Tennessee school will suffer a rude awakening. Dr. Finney readily admits that self-realization is the aim of the individual life, but, as an intelligent sociologist of the Cooley school, he sees that such self-realization can only be effected through social participation. These intellectual resources, the cognitive capital of an era, are, of course, changing, and such changes induce and should induce modifications in the institutions of society. Dr. Finney believes these changes should be directed toward shaping a "cultural democracy," and the only way to effect this end, now very far from realization, is to raise the standard of living by a much wider distribution of the profits of industry. A much larger proportion of such profits should and must be devoted to the education of the workers, in such manner as to increase and then equalize educational opportunities, in all parts of our country. He is really advocating that we try to save democracy through a profits tax on industry, which shall be devoted to raising the standard of living through increased education.

Dr. Finney plays his march through with assurance, and rarely puts on the soft pedal. There are two points where his system may break down, and he tries squarely to face

the difficulties. They are, first, the fact that the great mass of the population do not, and cannot, do independent thinking, after having been subjected to even the best education; and secondly, that the teachers and educational system now functioning are incapable of providing this best education. Dr. Finney realizes the futility of hoping to save democracy through the intelligence of the masses, now or in the future. To encourage them to question every social process, as James Harvey Robinson would do, will result not in greater enlightenment, but in confusion and, in times of rapid social change, in revolution. In spite of this frank recognition of the difficulty, the author remains optimistic. The social participation of the masses may still be considerably facilitated. A moron will go and be vaccinated even though he does not know what happens when he is scratched. A farmer who knows nothing about the physics of an ignition system can drive a car, observe the rules of the road and go to a garage in case of trouble. They will behave like others above them in intelligence, through the phenomenon of "social capillarity" which the author here mistakenly attributes to Bushee, instead of to that interesting revolutionary, Georges Sorel. The dull can be made to act just as if they were bright. They are not intelligent, but can be made to act as if they were. They must, however, have proper guidance and leaders. Such guidance should be provided by the new education, the object of which "is not enlightenment but behavior."

As for the second difficulty, the inadequacy of the schools and teachers, Dr. Finney has clearly diagnosed the disease. Perhaps in no field have the facilities for education and the means provided been more largely increased than in the field of "teacher training." Schools of education have developed in nearly all the great state and municipal universities. Theoretically, nothing could be more useful in a democracy, and with the strong appeal of their function, they have often succeeded in obtaining the lion's share of appropriations. Through their control of curricula and the tests established for teachers, they have in some cases established a strangle-hold upon the educational policy of entire states. There are, of course, some good teachers' colleges, yet the professors of education have, in general, only too often been the least well educated members of the university community. They have been hypnotized by the popular mythology and have encouraged "specializing." They have tried to establish a specialized profession like medicine or law with a specialized technique. There is, of course, use for a certain amount of technique in teaching and school administration, just as there is use for a certain amount of technique in hospital administration. If, however, medical schools "specialized" in the training of these minor techniques to the exclusion of anatomy, physiology and *materia medica*, we should have an analogy to what is now happening in schools of education. Even in state universities, a candidate enrolled in the schools of education "is usually expected to major in school administration and minor in, say, educational psychology. On the graduate levels pressure is very definitely and avowedly brought to bear by the policy of the teachers' colleges to specialize in the science of education, quite exclusive of subject-matter courses of mere cultural value, so called." Dr. Finney deserves credit for his courage in calling attention to the unfavorable situation which exists in his field. He is quite right when he says that even for educational administration there is no substitute for a general education so liberal and extended as to seem almost impossible. Unlike Dr. Finney, professors of education have not usually received

and are not giving to their successors this general education which will allow them to face intelligently the major problems of democracy. That is why, by dint of excessive specialization and the development of mere technique and jargon, they are making of education not a profession but a mummery and a trade. That is also why so much of their writing remains unenlightened and continually involves itself in the pettifogging details of educational shop-keeping.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Three Poets

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by Wallace Gould. New York: The Macaulay Company. 128 pages. \$2.50.

The Legend of Quincibald, by Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 76 pages. \$2.

Stone Dust, by Frank Ernest Hill. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company. 84 pages. \$2.

REVOLUTION is dead among young poets. While their fellows, the young novelists, still seek new forms and strictly contemporary ideology, the writers of verse have returned to tradition for their molds and—frequently—for their subjects. Those gay and passionate days which produced Free Verse, Amy Lowell, Poetry Magazine and Polyphonic Prose; which made of every poet a pamphleteer and an apologist, and of almost every dozen poets a school, are gone. Now our versifiers are students rather than innovators and estheticians rather than sociologists. This, which seems scarcely debatable as a generalization, applies pretty thoroughly to the present poets. For if Mr. Gould does choose occasionally to express himself in an irregular verse form, it is usually while he is writing of Villon or an Egyptian Sarcophagus; and his best work is contained in his dactyls about classical personages. And Mr. Hill's stirring and successful poems about aeroplanes are in regularly rhymed iambic pentameter.

Wallace Gould's "Aphrodite" is by far the most impressive of the three volumes under consideration. It is approached through an introduction in the form of three execrable sonnets by Alfred Kreyborg. But once reached it exhibits an adult—even profound—understanding of versification, an accurate, sensitive use of words, and an approach to life that is dignified and sad: sad, quiet humor without bitterness.

The title poem is distinguished by its skillful and unobtrusive use of a difficult meter and by the simplicity and naiveté which Mr. Gould has made natural to his Olympian characters, who are pagan and unsophisticated, as untainted by love as by morality. So that Aphrodite is able to say to her blood-hungry lover, "Kiss me. Kiss me many times, and for each time there shall be a year of war"; and saying it, to give no feeling of violence or suffering: only of a joyous reward to passion. "Endymion," which follows, is, by way of contrast, almost pornographically sensual; but this purely by reason of its luscious rhythm and skillful, urbane innuendo; for all of its figures are such as might enter into the most chaste and romantic conversation.

In the section called "The Last Bards" Mr. Gould has almost composed a little novel in verse, so well done that twenty pages make a complete story of love and sin, with the backgrounds of custom and manners well understood. In this section the poem, "Rosiland," is especially to be noted for its sad and lovely verse.

To select for quotation from a volume so varied as this

and, as compared to the usual "thin volume," so generous, is difficult. But perhaps this, from "Vigil," is as sharp and definite as any other bit. The poem begins:

Out in the night there are songs resounding, songs
about the Christ.
Out in the night there are snows descending, slowly,
quietly, moving straight downward. . . .
Another year will soon have passed away to the sound
of ancient songs.

And then, with sudden, almost unconscious brutality, it continues:

I was filled with the spirit of bringing things
to others.
I brought a bundle home with me—
a globe of goldfish for my cat.
I hid the globe mysteriously,
even as the many hide their bundles.

Mr. Bacon's talent, as exhibited in "The Legend of Quincibald" is for a sharp and sudden satire, not too important; but so personal and dangerous that it reflects, at times, sheer terror. The first and longest poem in the book—one of three to compose a mock-epic—is titled "Quincibald in Mediocria." And in it the author makes clear his own very good knowledge that he is himself apt to tumble into the pit of the ordinary which he so heartily abhors. For though he is capable of clear and sharp expression and of full contempt for second-hand opinion, he is also the victim of a tendency to put weight on the time-honored implications that rest in such names as Ariel and Caliban and Galatea; and his gallery of great names does contain both Shakespeare and Cabell. But it is possible as well for him to note that "that which Mediocria has fashioned, Mediocria destroys," and to write:

And her face was all beauty inarticulate, and full
of her desire,
Like a bride's at the bed, or like a martyr in the
halo of fire.

Mr. Hill's book is characterized rather by lack of critical sensibility than by the evidences of his very real talent. Some of his verse, especially when it has to do with flying, is splendid and exhilarating. But the pleasure of any particular poem may be destroyed by the inept one that follows it: the whole is uneven and distorted. The group of verses called "Farm Circle" is deep and powerful; "Formation" reflects the experiences of delicate senses and is expressed, at times, with considerable beauty:

We have been swimming space for half an hour,
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything;
Edges of towns have slid beneath my wing
And clouds have marched beside it.

Or:

He mounts and falls upon the wind,
Now leaves me speedless, now comes eddying back
Until I feel the air his wings have thinned, disturbed
and slack.

But scattered among these are the conventional, often-handled thoughts of "This Is a City Children Made" or "The Friend."

Messrs. Longmans, Green have marred Mr. Hill's book with a lot of meaningless illustration and a cover design supposed to symbolize the machine age. Mr. Robert S. Josephy, who designed "Aphrodite," worked, I think, a little below his usual fine standard.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

A Study in Black

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

BLACK APRIL" was a remarkable book, possibly the most convincing presentation of the Negro that has yet been made by a white person. More than that, it was a considerable work of art. With a mastery of dialect and folk-lore unequalled and with a pervasive sense of the plantation background from which the black figures emerged, Mrs. Peterkin so completely dramatized all her material that it was almost impossible to tell whether the writer was an alien observer or a Negro become wholly conscious and expressive. That sense of strangeness of the looker-on, which the most sympathetic treatment of the Negro by the white has always betrayed, as if the "superior" were trying in vain to comprehend the "inferior" across the racial barrier, was never once present. In "Black April" Mrs. Peterkin did not explain or exploit: she created the black world in its own terms. It was only the wealth of her illustration, the too abundant use of superstitions and other folk-matter, that indicated her point of view. As a story the book suffered from a lack of concentration, because of this impulse to illustrate the plantation background.

In this second book, "Scarlet Sister Mary," Mrs. Peterkin has failed, at least in the first part, to merge herself fully with her material. These introductory chapters are told as the white observer might see them, descriptively, and not especially well told: the story wanders, scatters. Rich as is the background and firmly drawn as are the few characters, the story does not move of itself and sweep the reader at once into its own atmosphere, as did "Black April." This failure to dramatize becomes less apparent as the story passes from the girl's to the woman's life of Si May-e. Something of the inevitability which made "Black April" such a remarkable first novel takes the place of the earlier fumbling. The profound change in Si May-e's character wrought by July's abandonment is told rather than presented: it seems more due to the author's wilful desire than to the black woman's own nature, as does her triumphant rejection of the returned husband. Nevertheless, Si May-e holds firmly together as a human being and comes into her own, with a brood of a dozen children, more or less, no two of them being by the same father. In her fecundity, kindness, health and happiness, as well as in her indifference to social stigma, she embodies many essential qualities of all strong women, more frankly because more primitively than would be possible for her sophisticated white sisters. How many of the latter would admit even in secret that "men are all alike," good only for "pleasuring," while work and children are woman's realities?

There is more concentration upon the one character in "Scarlet Sister Mary" than in "Black April," less crowding of folk material, and an even richer atmosphere of the plantation—of the hot sun, the rich red earth, the dark creek water and old moss-hung trees—all that background of fecund nature of which the black race seems intimately a part. And yet this second book, like the first, remains less a story than a series of pictures, such as Si May-e's visit to Deacon Andrew's smithy, her dispute with the midwives in the church, the motion picture of Hell, etc., etc. There are so many of these, they are so rich in atmosphere and so true in detail, that the book becomes something more than a novel—the revelation of a race, which has lived

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T. S. M.

Contributors

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